

ANNUAL LITERARY ISSUE

McGill Daily

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A Christmas Message From The Principal

Do you remember Trotty Veck, as Dickens portrays him in the first quarter of *THE CHIMES*? It was a bleak world for him, a world of problems and windy buffetings — with all the pleasant things of life on the other side of the firelit windows that he saw as he ran his errands. Only with the bells, open to the elements and windswept, could he feel companionship.

Some of us, looking out at the problems that beset the world today, feel rather like Trotty Veck. But when we give way to that feeling we are least like him, for Trotty incarnates Christmas and has no time to be sorry for himself. Even though it is beyond his powers to maintain peace on earth, and solve the problems that surround him, he is filled to overflowing with goodwill towards men.

May I wish for each one of you, students and members of the staff, a large infusion of Trotty's spirit. I hope that every moment of your Christmastide will be filled with happiness, and that you may be doubly happy in the joy that your presence brings to your family or to the friends with whom you spend the holiday.

A Happy Christmas to you, and a Bright New Year! May all the days of 1957 carry you onward to the goal of heart's desire.

"God bless us every one".

F. Cyril James.

The Very Best Of Christmas Cheer; To One And All A Happy New Year

Off For The Holidays

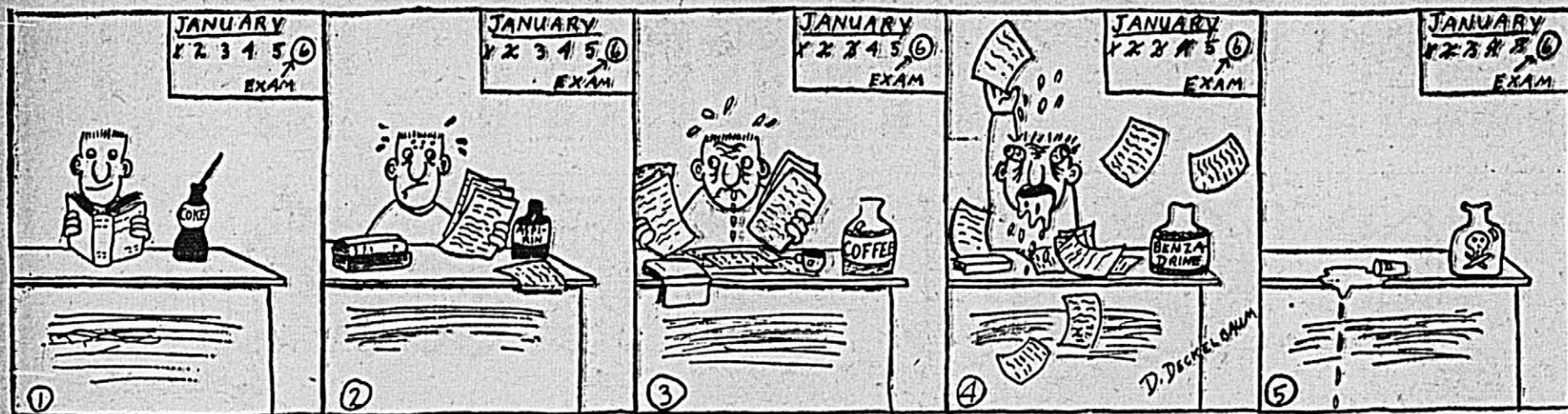


Daily Photo by Pete Rehak



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Editorial

Season's Greetings

Christmas is a good season to look back over the past year and to be thankful. It is also a good time to look over the forthcoming year, to plan, and to be hopeful. In brief this is the Christmas Message:

We of the Daily would like to express our sincere thanks to all those whose cooperation helped to ease the burden of putting out four hundred and sixteen pages of newspaper. To Dr. James and Mrs. MacMurray to the members of the faculty who gave freely of their opinions albeit without their names; to our staff, and to our readers who tolerated us, we extend a Joyous Christmas and a Happy New year.

Nuts

The origins of the "Prom" are lost in the mists of antiquity. It may have derived from some sort of ancient fertility rite to mark the oncoming of winter. This year it is being held on December the 21st which is near enough to the shortest day of the year to indicate some sort of mystic choice of date governed by the laws of astrology rather than by any consideration of convenience. The weekend before Christmas is one of the times when the student is most broke. Although the idea is to round off the term on its last day with a formal dance, every student who lives out of town will have wangled some angle so that he or she can whip smartly off home a day or two before then. That ready reservoir of dates, RVC, will be all but emptied by that time.

It has been traditional for the Prom to lose money. This is another way of enhancing its prestige on campus, the assumption being that it is so good that no effort is spared to make it a success — even if all the tickets are not sold. This year, the Prom is budgeted for a staggering \$1,600 loss. While some of this has been covered by an anonymous donation, the amount of money involved still makes the average student wonder at the actions of the SEC who seem parsimonious at times, and yet ready to spend money like a drunken sailor at others.

This year, the Prom has much to offer, including two bands, free corsages, free coconuts, and a genuine Hawaiian making some sort of South Sea Screech. If three hundred tickets are sold, it means that every couple who goes to the Prom will be subsidized to the extent of \$5.33. On this count alone, we urge people

(Continued on page 18)

U. S. Collegiate Poll

"Students 'OK' College Regulations" ...

Minneapolis — (ACP) — It would appear, on the average, that college students are little bothered by restrictions of various sorts placed upon them by college administrators. This is not an unqualified generalization, however, since restrictions are unique for each individual college. Students may be very satisfied at one particular institution and very unhappy at another.

In addition, the situation may vary within the confines of any one college, say between students living on campus and students living off campus, or between students in one particular line of learning and those in another. But whatever else may be said upon the subject, one can feel fairly safe in saying that no college escapes the problem, be its intensity slight or weighty.

To get some information on this issue from the student's point of view, Associated Collegiate Press asked the following question of a representative national cross-section of college students:

Do you feel that your college administration is too restrictive in governing your private life while you attend college?

The results:

	Men	Women	Total
Yes	20%	15%	18%
No	76%	82%	78%
Undecided	4%	3%	4%

Indications are that coeds appear to be a shade more satisfied with their present status than do college men. But of greater interest is the fact that all but a very small percentage of students have opinions either one way or the other on this issue.

Most students who feel the regulations laid down by their college administrations are fair, justify their opinion with the observation that rules are necessary. "They have to have most of these restrictions for a large group" is the way a freshman coed at Alabama College (Montevallo) puts it, while a senior at Villanova University (Villanova, Pa.) says: "The administration requires minimum standards of personal conduct to maintain orderliness." And a sophomore coed at Christian College for Women (Columbia, Mo.) stresses this point: "Three hundred seventy-five girls away from home need quite a bit of reasonable governing."

Students who feel they are hindered with restrictions generally offer specific examples. And most of them advance the hypothesis that it is impossible

to mature as responsible adults when they are treated like juveniles. For example, a senior at a large midwestern university puts it this way: "The college administration informs the student how mature he is when he starts

college, but yet lays down rigid laws to control the student," while a graduate student at the same university states: "It is paternalistic to the Nth degree."

A sophomore attending a

(Continued on page 18)

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Parties Reflect Holiday Spirit

Campus clubs and societies will stage a series of Christmas and New Year parties to help the students celebrate the Holidays in proper spirit.

Christmas Sing

The McGill Choral Society, directed by Gifford Mitchell, will present "Sing At Christmas". The Yale Club and the Wiffenpoofs will also sing. This will be held at the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium, on Wednesday, Dec. 19, at 8:30. Tickets are \$1.50.

The Union Cafeteria will serve a Christmas Dinner on Wednesday, Dec. 19, from 12-2 and 5-7 pm. Dinner will include turkey, mince pie, cranberry sauce, and trimmings.

Santa Visits

Santa Claus will visit the Christmas Party held at the Union Lounge on Dec. 15, at 7:30 pm. Refreshments will be served, and there will be surprises and music for dancing. Admission is 50¢.

The Cosmos Club will hold a Christmas Party on Friday, Dec. 14, at 9:00 pm, in the Union Ballroom. Nino Franco and His Trio and the Fabulous Trinidad Steel Band will provide continuous dancing. Members — 50¢; non-members, 75¢.

Stag or Drag

The Newman Club will hold a Christmas Dance on Saturday, Dec. 15, at 8:30 pm. Admission is 50¢ a person to this Stag or Drag dance. The West Indian Society will hold a dance on Thursday, Dec. 28.

This annual dance will feature 2 Bands, West Indian Buffet Supper, Prizes, Favours and will run to the wee hours of the morning with calypso entertainment.

The A.S.U.S. New Year's Eve Party will be held in the Union Ballroom, where Russ Dufort and His Orchestra will supply music.

In the Union Lounge, decorated in "cabaret style", Mike Dodman and his Holly Rollers will provide music with an "up-tempo" beat. Prizes will be given away. \$2.50 per couple.

Med. Wives

The Medical Wives' Club will hold a ball at the Union, at 8:00 pm on Saturday, Dec. 15. Admission is \$1.50 per couple.

On Thursday, Dec. 20, the German Club will hold a Christmas Party at 3421 Drummond St., at 8:00 pm.

McGILL PLACEMENT SERVICE

On Christmas Eve, Christmas Day, New Year's Eve and New Year's Day, various household jobs such as baby-sitting, waiting on table, washing dishes, are available. Students wishing to do this work should leave their names at the McGill Placement Service Office as soon as possible.

Men Fear Thought More Than They Fear Death
— Bertrand Russell

Xmas Tree In Union For War Veterans

This year McGill will again send Christmas gifts to war veterans and needy children. A Christmas tree, complete with lights, will be set up in the Union lobby, and students are asked to place gifts under it. Anything that will brighten the holiday for some child or hospitalized veteran will be welcomed, such as cigarettes, candy, books, toys, etc. Simply wrap the gift, mark on it whether it is for a boy, girl, man or woman, and slip it under the tree.

New Student Directory Available on Campus

The Student Directory for 1956-57 is now on sale at various points on the campus. It can also be bought from George at the Tuck Shop. This book contains the addresses and phone numbers of all the students at the university. The price for the Directory is 30 cents.

Rev. F. Kinlaw Guest Speaker At Carol Sing

Rev. Dennis F. Kinlaw will be the speaker at the McGill Christian Fellowship's traditional annual Carol Sing on Sunday, December 16, at 9:00 P.M. in the Walter M. Stewart Room of the McGill Union.

Mr. Dennis Kinlaw is the pastor of the Loudonville (N.Y.) Community Church. After having taken his A.B. at Asbury College at Wilmore, Kentucky, he completed his studies there in theology at the Methodist Seminary. For six years he pursued pastoral and evangelistic work, and then studied for two years at Princeton and Edinburgh. He is now pastor of the Community Church in Loudonville, a growing suburb of Albany, New York.

Refreshments will be served afterwards.

Choral Society Christmas Concert Features Famous Yale Glee Club

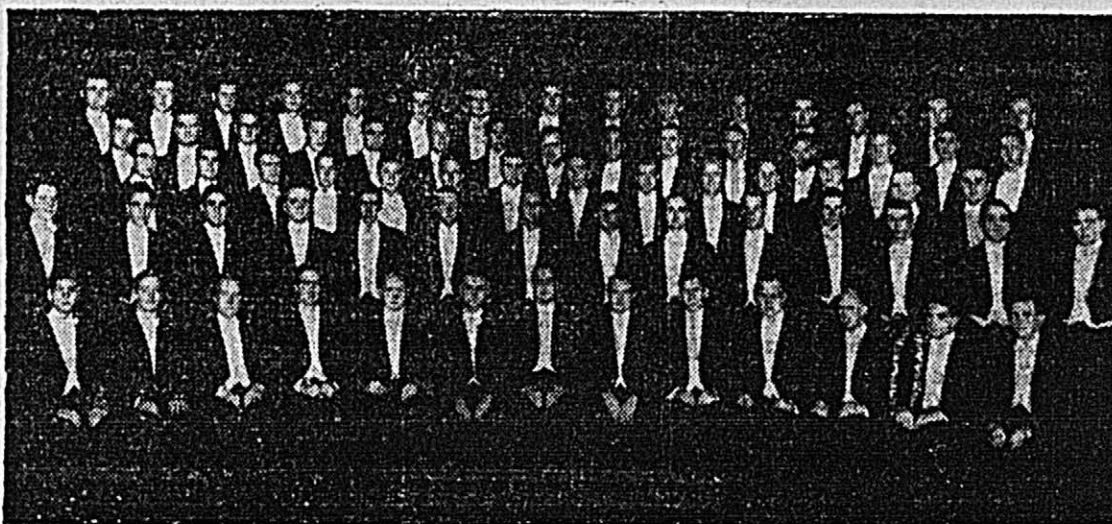


Photo by Coleman and Clinton

THE YALE UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB

The "Sing at Christmas" concert of the Choral Society will be presented on Wednesday, December 19th at 8:30 in the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium.

The programme will be divided into two distinct parts. The first half will consist of a variety of songs while in the second half, the Christmas Story will be told in song.

The Christmas Story which will be sung by the Choral Society is divided into five parts. Part one, Prelude to Bethlehem will include "Come in Dear Angels" and "Fum, Fum, Fum". The second part, The Birth of Jesus with "As I walked to Bethlehem" is followed by Shepherds from the Hills which will feature "Glory to God in the

Highest" and "The Echo Carol". Part four, The Wisemen from the East will include the "Falan — Tiding — Dio" and "How unto Bethlehem. Part five, The Final Scenes featuring "I wonder as I wander" and "There shall a Star from Jacob come forth" will conclude the concert.

Tickets are \$1.50 and can be obtained from any member of the society or at the door.

POSTS ANNOUNCED

Daily Promotions

The Managing Board of the Daily today announced promotions affecting over fifty staffers in the middle and lower masthead. Promotions on the Daily, the largest college paper in Canada, are made twice annually. Appointments are as follows:

NEWS

CUP Editor: Helen Kydd
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Bartenders, Babysitters, Needed over Xmas

It seems that Santa Claus is doing everything nowadays, even helping to put students through college. Acting as Santa is only one of the many jobs that students are taking on this Christmas to earn 'an extra buck'.

The main difficulty with finding Christmas jobs for students, said the Placement Service is that most requests wish the students to work before Christmas and most students want to work during the holidays which start only one or two days before Christmas. By the time the Holidays are underway most businesses are back to normal or are even in a slump.

Variety of Jobs

Students are already working in a large variety of jobs. One com-

pany has sent in a request for girls to wrap hundreds of Christmas gifts. Students are handling the extra rush at the CNR express sheds. Others are required to act as bartenders, truck drivers, waiters in resort hotels, and many dishwashers will be needed on Christmas day. One party wanted a person to guard a stack of gifts in a hotel overnight. A football player was sent to fill this position. Aside from these requests which are handled by the placement service, many students are finding jobs at small stores on their own.

Baby Sitters in Demand

There is still a great demand for baby sitters for New Year's Eve. The minimum pay for this work is a minimum of five dollars for the

evening and one dollar an hour with a maximum of ten dollars for the evening.

The Placement Service urges all students to keep them informed as to whether or not they accept the jobs that are offered to them. This is the only way that they can keep track of which jobs are being filled.

The supply of students for jobs always exceeds the demands for them. Girls are in greater demand than boys, at least in relation to the supply of them. The main complaint of the students is that they want more academic jobs, i.e. tutoring or the like. Another hindrance is that most jobs offered to students are daytime ones and most of the students are free only at night. In any case the Placement Service is trying its best to satisfy as many as possible.

Art Exhibit Opening Scheduled For Jan. 18; 35 Painters Show Work

It was last May that the University of Montreal and McGill University decided on joint action towards an exhibition of Quebec painting. This exhibition, to be opened on January 18th by the Governor-General of Canada at the Montreal Museum of Fine Arts is expected to be most comprehensive and interesting.

Sponsored entirely by student funds, and organized by students, the exhibition is a tangible sign of what can be done when two student bodies cooperate towards a final goal. Thirty-five well-known painters and some com-

parative newcomers will be showing their work.

Included in the exhibition are Marion Scott, Gooderich Roberts, Jean Dallaire, Gentile Tondino, Jean-Paul Riopelle, and Stanley Cosgrove.

The exhibition will run from January 18 to February 3.

C.M.H.A. Conducts Gift Campaign For Mental Patients

The Canadian Mental Association is conducting a Gift Campaign for Forgotten Mental Patients.

Gifts may be sent to the C.M.H.A., 380 St. Joseph Blvd. E. or they may be deposited at the McGill School of Social Work. The President of the C.M.H.A. is Air Vice Marshal Adelaide Raymond. Janette Bertrand is the President of the Gift Campaign.

COMING EVENTS

Friday, Dec. 14

HILLEL: Rabbi Samuel Cass will lead a discussion on "Jewish Customs and Ceremonies" and "Jewish Names" which will be held at 1:00 p.m. at Hillel House.

CHORAL SOCIETY: There will be a rehearsal for the "Sing at Christmas" Concert at 5:00 p.m. in Divinity Hall.

FOLK MUSIC CLUB: Guest Artists Jim Murray and Lou Spritzer will be at the meeting, at 8:30 p.m. in the Walter M. Stewart Room.

Saturday, Dec. 15

MEDICAL WIVES' CLUB: The Annual Ball will be held at the Union, at 8:00 p.m. There will be a floor show, \$1.50 per couple. Everyone is invited.

Sunday, Dec. 16

CANTERBURY CLUB: There will be a breakfast and carol practice at 3479 University St. following Corpora Te Communion at 8:00 a.m. in Christ Church Cathedral. Everybody welcome.

HILLEL: There will be an End-of-Term Social held at Hillel House at 8:00 p.m. Monday, Dec. 17

CANTERBURY CLUB: There will be a Carol Sing and annual visit to St. Margaret's Home. Those attending will meet at 3479 University St. at 7:15 p.m. An informal party will be held afterwards at Canterbury House. Everyone is welcome.

Tuesday, Dec. 18

LIBERAL CLUB: There will be a regular meeting at 1:00 p.m. in the Union Club Room.

Thursday, Dec. 20

GERMAN CLUB: A Christmas Party will be held at 3421 Drummond St., the Phi Gamma Delta House, at 8:00 p.m. There will be refreshments, dancing, and loads of fun. Everyone is requested to bring a small present.

WEST INDIAN SOCIETY: Annual Xmas Dance at the Union Ballroom from 9 to 2.



Before the Christmas Holidays the following rehearsals will be held for the Red and White Revue:

Friday, December 14 — 5 p.m.
Defense Department Scene: M. Deansley, D. Bruneau, S. Pappelbaum, D. Trevick, E. Cox.

Monday, December 17 — 7:30 p.m. Three Uncles Scene.

Tuesday, December 18 — 4 p.m.
Reporter and Princess Telephone Scene: J. Hugessen, A. Golden.

Tuesday Evening, December 18 — 7:30 Governor General's Scene.

Thursday Evening — 8:00 Dancers should keep this evening free for possible rehearsal of dance production number.

All people concerned will be telephoned in the next few days.



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GRADUATE ENGINEERS REQUIRED

A representative of the IRON ORE COMPANY OF CANADA will visit this campus on December 17th and 18th for the purpose of interviewing graduates in

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Christmas letter to all students



Everyone,

Very soon we'll all be going off on our Christmas holidays. We won't all have the same kind of Christmas: for some of us Christmas will mean expensive balls, rounds of parties in beautiful homes, the most exciting entertainment and presents we can buy for ourselves — a wonderful time of fun, gaiety, colour and excitement.

For some of us Christmas will be a very different kind of affair: it may consist only of a group of friends sitting around in a cold-water room in a dingy street pooling whatever money we have to share a bottle of wine by the light of a tiny improvised Christmas tree.

But whether we can afford to buy our sister a Cadillac or can't even afford to buy ourselves a turkey, for all of us Christian, Jew, or whatever we are, Christmas will have two things in common. First, it's a time of sharing and of love toward all men. And secondly, we will all have a circle, however small, of family and friends to share it with. And whoever we are, and whether we hear "Peace on earth, good will toward men" sung by a mighty cathedral choir or by the small wavering voices of a few ragged urchins clutching carol-books in the street, I think most of us will feel the same way: that there is something wonderful which we often take for granted or forget about being alive and having friends and being able to share with them. For a few days, or perhaps even for just a few minutes, the feeling of Christmas, the feeling of "Glory to God, peace on earth, good will toward men," will at some time overtake us and make Christmas real whoever we are. And no matter how small our Christmas is — that will make the smallest as great as the biggest and the biggest no greater than the smallest. And for a time the poorest will be as rich as the richest and the rich as rich as the poorest.

But not all men will have this in common with us. There is not peace over all the earth, nor good will among all men. And some of us will not be as lucky this year as the poorest of us. "Us" means all men. And some of us will have no family or friends to go to this Christmas; will have, in fact, no Christmas at all.

We students will share these wonderful days without fear of heavy boots thudding up the back stairs at three A. M. to tear members of our families away, to be packed into boxcars to be sent into nowhere for ever. We will not be awakened by the rumble of tanks passing beneath our living-room windows. We will not see our friends or brothers or fellow students mowed down by brutal machine-gun fire in St. Catherine street or Dominion Square. We will not go home to our family on Christmas to find our father deported, our brother executed or our sister raped. There will be no hunger for us, no cold, no terror. Our streets will not be shattered by shell-fire, nor will they resound to the tread of foreign soldiers and tanks. Our Christmas, thank God, will be free this year.

Over our holidays let's not forget those of us — the big "us" — who are having no Christmas this year and may have none for quite a few years to come — those who are in Hungary.

These people are fighting a bloody battle in their own streets this Christmas for the most precious thing in the world — something we can hardly understand and take for granted because we've never lost it — freedom.

Some of them will be with us here in Canada very soon — refugees who have come to this land to find freedom here. I know that all of you, like myself, who have watched with unbelieving horror while people like you and I died in the streets of Budapest merely because they wanted to defend the right to be themselves have felt an overwhelming admiration and sympathy for these people and at the same time a kind of despair that they have to fight and die alone — that we can only watch and not help.

Listen — there is something we can do, as students and as individuals. There's a way in which we can make Christmas a lot more real for ourselves this year. We can get together, as students, and help these people.

In January a campaign is going to be launched by students to collect enough from all of us to provide a scholarship fund for Hungarian refugee students. As a body, we can dig into our pockets and say, "Look, come on and be one of us." As students, this can be our big chance to help. If we evade it or turn our backs on it, will our Christmas really be much more than hypocrisy?

This isn't just another cause. There's something essential in every one of us that's outraged and repelled by the irrational savagery that oppresses these people; it's opposed to every human feeling we have — everything that's embodied in the spirit of Christmas.

GO TO THE MCGILL PROM FOR THE PARTY OF THE YEAR

HAWAII

Music for this gala affair is being supplied by Eddie Alexander and his Orchestra, very popular at McGill and around Montreal. His ballroom music will provide the dancing rhythms for those in a quieter mood. If, however, couples feel like kicking up their heels, they have only to move to the next room to find the fast-moving rock and roll beat of the Hawaiian Rollers. In this room a buffet supper will be served later on in the evening. This is a new exciting feature never before held at the Prom. As well as this treat free mixers and ice will be provided for your drinking pleasure, and free corsages at the door for the pleasure of your pocket-book. As well as this party favours and other interesting prizes will be distributed at the dance.

All in all, it looks as if this will be one of the great parties of the college year, the party that is truly a memorable one; the party you will remember over all the others in after college years. This is truly the one party no-one can afford to miss, so everyone call up the little woman and bring her to the biggest formal of the year.



"What a ball!!!"

FEATURE

True to the Hawaiian theme, palm trees, smoking volcanoes, monkeys, parrots, and coconuts will provide an exciting decorations scheme. The gymnasium will be divided into two rooms, one with Eddie Alexander and his Orchestra, who will play ballroom music, and the other room with a rock and roll band. In this latter room with the rock and roll band, tables will be set up. However, space will be available for dancing to the rock and roll music in this room.

A great deal of money and effort has gone into making this dance bigger and better than ever before. A large variety of interesting features have been added, which should make this evening highly amusing and entertaining.

Through the variety of music and entertainment, this dance cannot fail to appeal to everyone, so hurry and get your tickets while they last.



TICKETS

Everyone is earnestly advised to hurry and get their tickets. Only three hundred and fifty tickets have been put on sale due to the fact that the gymnasium cannot accommodate more under the decorations scheme planned. Tickets can be purchased between twelve o'clock and two p.m. in most of the campus. There are booths in the Union, Arts, Engineering, and Medical Buildings. Reservations can be made in the Physical Sciences Centre at this time as well, or by phoning Janet Edsforth at AV. 8-8318 between one and two p.m.

**FRIDAY
December
21st**



Dining and dancing



YOUR TICKET INCLUDES:

Free corsages at the door

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Prizes



Literary Supplement — '56

THE FRIEND

(Winner, McGill Daily Short Story Contest)

By Elizabeth Carroll

"Wasn't that? — I'm sure it was!" Mrs. Meadows thought, astonished. She stopped quickly and turned around. "Lena!" she called. Three girls spread loitering in front of her, and she had to move in tiny impatient steps for a moment. The woman she had recognized had gone on along the street. "Quickly!" she thought. In a moment she would lose her! She managed to push past the girls, glaring at them impersonally for a second.

Her face had been set with the look of the tourist who is determined to find everything interesting, but all the same, the sun is dreadfully hot, the cafes cluttered and dirty, and the unpleasant hum of incomprehensible voices seems quite sinister. She had been clutching her purse very securely, glancing about constantly, trying to hide her suspicions. But now at once her face had become more like itself, as it appeared over her own tea-table. The chance meeting had transported her magically back across the Channel, and she sighed in relief. She forgot everything but her desire to catch at this familiar straw. If she had lost her! she thought, nearly desperate, hating all these obstacles — she pushed and shoved. But no! there she was! Mrs. Meadows almost collapsed in pleased relief.

"Lena!" she said.

The woman was standing irresolutely in front of a bazaar, letting some orange fabric slip through her fingers from a bolt of cloth she held crooked in her arm. She had not heard. Mrs. Meadows thought, as she stood there, Lena seemed fixed, so alone. And her coat was a little careless, sloping loosely from her shoulders.

"Lena," Mrs. Meadows said again.

When she first turned, the woman's face was quite blank. And then it was an agonizing minute before her expression changed. "Oh!" she said then, holding out her hand. "I — I had no idea —" she faltered. Her first color drained rapidly from her face, leaving her looking almost ill. She stared at Mrs. Meadows for a second, and then she dropped her eyes to the cobbled street. A piece of white tissue floated by, and she took a momentary interest in that. Then, she spoke again. "I did not know you were coming here."

"No, indeed," Mrs. Meadows said, her voice rising in cordiality. She looked, shuddering, along the street, and she turned back gladly to the English face, the English voice. "And I certainly had no idea YOU were

here! When did you arrive? Are you staying long? Just travelling, resting? There is so much to see! I am having a delightful time taking in the sights! I am glad to have run into you, very glad! I only wish I had known —" Now that she had started, her words came gushing out uncontrollably. Her sense that the situation was perhaps a little awkward increased as she talked, and she tried to cover it. "Oh! I am so glad!" she said, her voice becoming a little shrill. "I have been so shut in on myself with no one to talk to! Don't you find it so?" Then, she realized what she had said, and she hurried on, a little embarrassed, trying to bury that slip under a torrent more. Finally she said, taking up the material Lena had been looking at, "This is very nice! Do you plan to have a dress made of it?"

Lena looked at her for a minute. "No," she said then bleakly. "Why would I wish a dress?"

"Of course!" Mrs. Meadows agreed, a little too quickly, too emphatically. "Of course, how sleazy it is, when one comes to look at it! They praise these foreign goods, but I have never found them worth while!"

Lena went on flatly, as if she talked to herself. "An orange dress? No, I wouldn't want an orange dress." But then she looked up, smiling bleakly. "It's so hot!"

Mrs. Meadows heard her with relief. "Isn't it! Unbearable!" Looking around, she saw that the cafes were not now so bad as they had seemed. "Let's have an ice!"

"I'd like to," Lena said. "Yes, I believe I would like to."

From her first glimpse of this English face, Mrs. Meadows had quite returned to herself. Now she guided her friend past several tables, examining each judiciously. On most of them she found bottles, saucers, crumbs, light patches on the oilcloth where liquid had been standing. Those she passed, grimacing to show Lena what she thought of them. From time to time she stole a glimpse back at her. Poor thing! she thought kindly. She seemed so timid, quite unable to fend for herself. At last Mrs. Meadows found a table to her liking. "I think this will be all right," she announced, and Lena slipped at once onto the seat. She sat looking at the cloth while Mrs. Meadows removed her coat, summoned a small boy with a cloth, and directed the preparation of the table for them. The woman seemed to be afraid that people were looking at her, and when Mrs. Meadows sat down, she raised her eyes nervously to her face and held them there

A Jet Plane Destroys

A Secluded Convent

(Winner, Daily Poetry Contest)

by Morty Schiff

My Lord did the miracle of the leaves,
A nun whispers, and rubs the heavy beads,
Her heaven's jewelry. Beside, the blue green leaves
Flutter on the convent walls, her faith's defense
Against the age's thrust, while miracle wine
Spills crimson on her nun's black, and feeds
The ardour of her artless virgin sense,
She had not reckoned heaven a source of fright —
A shooting bird whose parabolic line
Transfigures the air and in a blind of fire
Dashes the home of simple nuns — O horror
Of ten charred holy corpses in the first light.
Gods of this miracle by the river water,
Perform the confused grief of this morbid hour.

as if that was the only safe shelter for them.

"They say it is not safe to drink the water," Mrs. Meadows said richly. "Do you think —" she hesitated, trying to look quite wicked. "Do you think we should be TOO improper if we ordered wine?"

Lena shook her head quickly. She seemed, now, so grateful for Mrs. Meadows' ability to make decisions that she could question nothing.

Mrs. Meadows ordered for them. Then she said, sighing as she relaxed, "You have no idea how glad I am to see you, my dear!" It seemed now to her that they had been the closest friends. "If I had only known you would be here!" she said in playful resentment. "We could have made plans to do things together!" As she sat there chatting, she tried to remember when she had first met Lena. Oh, yes! she smiled at the recollection. That gymkhana... standing over the Fishpond, looking down on those flimsily wrapped pink and blue packages. Mary Nance had brought them together. She had an uncomfortable skill at that, introducing complete strangers, and then leaving them alone after a minute, trying to think of something to say. Then, remembering the scene quite clearly, Mrs. Meadows sighed gratefully for her good luck. Right at the start she had chosen to comment on Lena's lovely blouse. Quite by accident, like that, she had discovered Lena's deep interest! She sighed again over it. Dress-making, fabrics — Mrs. Meadows had been re-decorating her hall then, needed suggestions for the upholstery. Lena had been very helpful, she had grown enthusiastic talking. Mrs. Meadows had thought she was so sensitive, so impressionable, just standing there, quivering, in some way even then a little apart from the

activity of the gymkhana. But they had gotten along very well

— though she remembered being rather relieved when someone had joined them. She had been troubled about what she would do when fabrics had run out.

"Lena, dear," Mrs. Meadows said delightedly. "Have you been yet to the cloisters? They say the whole trip is lost unless one goes! They are quite original! You haven't been? Then, let us go! Right now, why not? You have no plans? No, no, of course, you are just wandering, resting. You have been too much alone!" Mrs. Meadows smiled quite pointedly. She felt really very close to Lena now. She remembered, they had talked at the gymkhana about going together to shop for rugs. Lena had had such good ideas! Mrs. Meadows had said her professional touch would be very nice in the hall. At first it had been a polite suggestion, something to say for the occasion, and Mrs. Meadows was really a little surprised that it had somehow turned into a serious appointment. But when they had actually met she had been delighted. They had shopped all morning, Lena appraising goods, prices. Lena's taste was really exceptional. Mrs. Meadows had found THAT out once when she went there for tea. It seemed so sad. Couldn't anything be done? she wondered. She beckoned to the boy with her rather dictatorial gesture. Turning confidentially to her friend, she said, "Let's have another glass! I feel much cooler, much more relaxed! It's your company, that's what it is! You had no right not to tell me you were coming!" She said it playfully, shaking her head, and then she laid her purse on her lap, looking the boy in the eye forbiddingly. "These foreigners!" she said, leaning sideways in her chair to avoid his arm as he

(Continued on Page 8)

literary note on a literary supplement

Many people recently have expressed fear that creative writing at McGill has deteriorated both in quality and quantity. However, we feel that these fears are groundless, and that there has, rather, been a resurgence of campus writing. This has been proven by the fact that the editors of *Forge* have seen fit to plan two issues of *Forge* this year, and that the first issue was completely sold out after two days. As well as this, entries to the Daily Literary Contest have been submitted in greater numbers than in the past, and our judges have assured us that the quality has also risen greatly.

This Literary Supplement is too large for a student to read during lectures. It was intended that these pages should be taken home, and read at a time of substantial leisure.

We wish to thank the judges most earnestly who gave up so much of their valuable time to help us with this issue: Dr. Constance Beresford-Howe, who judged the prose section; and Dr. Louis Dudek, Dr. A. M. Kinghorn, and Dr. Frank MacShane who judged the poetry.

THE FRIEND...

(From Page 7)

set the glasses down. "One never knows!"

Lena herself had said very

little. From time to time she smiled, and as she finished the wine, she looked around the cafe, into the little groups of people at neighboring tables. On the sidewalk, past the awning, the sun beat dryly on the uneven stones. There was a calm, almost a sense of inertia in the air, as though in the mid-afternoon everything stood still for a little while. Lena smiled, vaguely, a smile more natural than she had managed before. She too seemed to be letting her troubles wait a little, while she sat with Mrs. Meadows. For the first time since they had met, she said, quite naturally, "I am glad you found me."

"You see, what did I tell you?" Mrs. Meadows said, patting her hand on the checked cloth. "You are too much alone!"

Lena smiled her vague smile and said nothing.

It was so too bad! Mrs. Meadows thought, glancing almost slyly at Lena's face across the table. Her friend was looking at the wine as she sipped it, and her face was quite blank, quite tired. There was no way of guessing what went on in her mind, Mrs. Meadows decided. She wished there was! She thought then of Lena in her living-room, Lena pouring tea. Mrs. Meadows felt that she had never really known her until she had seen her there. She had been so sweet, sitting with the tea-pot in her hand, calling out to Derek where he crawled along the carpet directing his trains. She had seemed tented, and as the train went under the mossy bridge she had set the tea-pot down again, with her sweet smile, telling her friend that David had made the bridge for Derek's birthday.

"No, seriously, dear," Mrs. Meadows said, making a point of it, shaking her head playfully, pretending it was only some very light thing she had to say. "I know it's none of my business — oh, I may be an old bull in a china shop!" she laughed, her woolly curls grey, matronly about her face, her glance for a moment piercing, still kind, with an anxious, helpful look drawn on her forehead. "Haven't you wandered long enough? Won't you think of going home?"

Lena put down her glass with a little start. "Please!" she murmured. She looked frightened. She passed her hand in front of her eyes, and then she shut them tightly for a second. When she spoke again she was trembling, looking in her pocket for something. "Please!" she begged again. Then, with a sudden bleak smile, she said clearly, "Shall we go? I should like to see the cloisters, I think! Oh yes, I should like to see them very much!" She had taken out her coin purse, but she seemed to have forgotten what she had wanted to do with it.

Kindly, Mrs. Meadows pressed her to put her money away, called the boy over, and then they started along the sidewalk. The street seemed less menacing now than Mrs. Meadows had found it earlier. "Isn't it always the way," she said, sighing, "When one is in a hurry one just can't get past — do you know I almost missed you? And now I suppose they have all gone to have a siesta." When they came to the steps there was barely room for the two of them to walk abreast, Mrs. Meadows clinging heavily to the railing at the side. She climbed more and more slowly, panting, her face turning red. "Whew!" she said, stopping half way up. She took Lena's arm. "I'm not so young as you, my dear!" Lena seemed hardly to have noticed the climb. They stood looking down, while Mrs. Meadows caught her breath. In front of them only the ocean itself extended. It looked from here as if the town had dropped over the sharp cliff, falling into the forms

of the sentinel rocks, quite impersonal but somehow comforting. The silver, misty sun made white slivers over the face of the water, but except for them the surface was bare, quite motionless.

Staring at it absently, Lena said, a touch of bitterness in her voice, "It's like a mirror. But I am glad I need not see myself." She was quiet for several minutes. "Do you know, I almost believe I should have faith enough to walk on it —"

Mrs. Meadows said, smiling, stealing a look at her coyly, "And would you walk back to England, then?"

Lena turned away quietly. She gave no answer, bending her head to watch the steps as she climbed on farther.

Contest Winners

The decision of Dr. Constance Beresford-Howe in determining the winner of the prose section is as follows:

WINNER: *The Friend*, by Elizabeth Carroll

SECOND: *With promise of Pneumatic Bliss*, by Hans Kaal

THIRD: *The Sun, The Sea, and Purple Tights*, by Greta E. Hofmann

HONORABLE MENTION: *The Unholy Trinity*, by Shaughnessy Finkelstein
Against Atheism, by Irving Wolfe
The Party, by William Feldman
Gunner of the Maribelle, by G. P. Macpherson

Dr. Louis Dudek, Dr. A. M. Kinghorn, and Dr. Frank MacShane have judged the poetry section as follows:

WINNER: *A Jet Plane Destroys a Secluded Convent*, by Mortimer Schiff

HONORABLE MENTION:

The Pedant, by Irving Wolfe
Just Married, by Claora Styron
Light, by Sylvia E. Barnard
Zarathustra's Dream, by Irving Wolfe
Another Crazy Housepainter, by Lionel Tiger

At the top they found they had to pay to enter the cloister itself. Mrs. Meadows fussed loudly. She thought that quite improper, she felt sure that in England it would not be so. But when Lena took out her coin purse, Mrs. Meadows looked into it and saw how empty it was. "My dear!" she said sharply.

"I have very little money," Lena said, flushing, avoiding Mrs. Meadows' eyes. "I expected a check — but I have been moving about so much —"

Mrs. Meadows immediately lifted a finger to stop her friend's apology, nodding agreeably. She counted out some bills. "Here," she said kindly. "Of course! Whatever you need, my dear. Oh, quite all right, you can pay me when we get back to England —" She glanced at her friend, and then she added, "Though I'm not sure I'm quite kind to finance these travels —"

Lena flushed more deeply.

Quickly, Mrs. Meadows added, laughing, "I'm just teasing!" Then she pointed to a small fountain trickling in the center of the court, and she said, sighing, "How I should like a drink! But I suppose it's holy water!"

The cool grey stones of the cloisters arched delicately above their heads. There was no vegetation. In the sun the stones gleamed dryly. Yet it seemed infinitely old, infinitely peaceful. Mrs. Meadows took out her guide-book and consulted it about the date. Lena stood, looking at the square before her, the fountain dripping, the pigeons waddling.

"It's almost as if one could hear music without there being any, isn't it?" she said, turning to Mrs. Meadows, with her vague smile flickering uncertainly on her lips.

"Well! In a moment I expect they'll ring those bells," Mrs. Meadows said, pointing to the tower. "Aren't they always having some message to send out?"

Lena stared at the tower, as if she were waiting. There was a sweetness, a quiet, about the place that was reflected on her face, Mrs. Meadows thought.

Then, pretending to be chatting ordinarily, Mrs. Meadows began, "I saw David not too long ago — I ran into him in town, I was shopping, I had my arms full —"

Lena said nothing for a minute. Oh dear, Mrs. Meadows thought, I shan't be able to approach her, she won't let me. She was really startled to hear Lena say, her voice surprisingly cold, "Yes? And who was he with?"

Mrs. Meadows thought for a second, looking puzzled. "Why, I don't remember. There was such a crowd — and he seemed in a hurry, and certainly I was —" Then she said, darting a glance at Lena's face, "I suppose I reminded him of you — he was a little awkward, I thought! —"

"PLEASE!" Lena cried sharply. She turned hurriedly, starting into the cloister.

Mrs. Meadows, watching her friend, saw her lift her handkerchief and blot her eyes. She felt, without quite wishing to, that she had Lena in her power here. The grey sun, the airy light filtering through the arches, gave her a feeling of confidence. She joined her friend. They sat together on a stone bench in the cloister. "My dear," she said gently, taking her hand, "Won't you confide in me, can't you let me help you? What is it," she said, coaxing. "Won't you go home, won't you try to iron out your differences with David?"

"Oh! Lena cried out. She sprang up. "You don't understand, you don't understand at all!" She stood for a second, her face working. Then she let the bills Mrs. Meadows had handed her drop on the stones. As she hurried away, leaving Mrs. Meadows all alone, something else fell among them. At her feet, as Mrs. Meadows looked down, completely astonished, she saw it was Lena's sodden handkerchief.

"But — Lena! —" she called.

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SUN LIFE OF CANADA

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Second Place

By Hans Kaal

The late November sun stood red and opaque in the Eastern sky when the man with the balloons entered the park. Had the girl on the bench looked up the main path towards the Eastern gate, she might have thought the sun was just another red balloon among the ones the old man had tied to the handlebar of his bicycle. She might also have mistaken the fishing-rod which was tied lengthwise to the frame for the sun's first tentative beam. She could, however, have avoided this illusion, had she reflected that paper lamplions are not usually hung over the sun's beams.

As it was, the girl did not look up from the notebook on her knees. Neither did the young man who was settling down at the other end of the bench to read a book of cartoons.

"It makes me so sad I could cry," wrote the girl. "Sometimes I turn on the radio and dance by myself, sometimes I make faces in the mirror. But it makes me look so ugly that I stop and feel better. It can't be real love though, because why would I look at the stranger who is sitting beside me?"

When she looked up for an answer, she saw the old man with the balloons lean his bicycle against a lamp-post across the path. The girl crossed out the last paragraph and wrote instead:

"If I had a little child, I would take him to the park and buy him all the balloons in the world."

Then she crossed that out too, because it occurred to her that he might fly away.

"Sometimes I am afraid of myself," she wrote with a flourish and began sucking at her pen.

"Sometimes life is a comic book," said the young man, looking into the distance behind her, as thoughtful or shortsighted men are wont to do. "How odd that you should be writing and I should be reading on the same bench. Woman creates, man appreciates. Sounds like a comic book moral."

"Yes," smiled the girl, "life is funny."

"How you have burst my balloon."

"Have I? I am sorry."

"I am glad," said the young man and focussed his eyes on hers. "We all carry our balloons with us in our pockets, the pockets of our minds, to be exact. They are full of unsaid words. People in comic books carry their balloons over their heads, and they are always open. In real life, we have to wait for some one to open them with a word or to burst them with a smile. You were writing a comic book?"

"It's a diary," blushed the girl.

"But it's full of balloons. No," he said as she tried to hide it, "don't put your mind back in your purse. It is enough if you hide your beauty in there. Let us compare balloons. If you keep yours in your purse, and if I

leave mine in my pockets, they will increase in content and multiply in number, and we shall fly away."

"Yes," she sighed, "I was just thinking..."

"Now you have burst another balloon, a lovely red one, like this," and he walked over to the old man, bought a red balloon and exploded it with a sigh. "Look what it says: The bench was put here so we could sit together. The sun rose so we could see each other. The man brought his balloons so we could talk to each other. His are as it were the balloons within a balloon. Do you follow me?"

"Yes," replied the girl. "Where are we going? What shall we do?"

As if in reply to her question, the wind brought the sound of

(Continued on Page 10)

Zarathustra's Dream

(Honorable Mention)

By Irving Wolfe

The final man
with no one but himself
to hate

stands listening to a choir of
whitecaps
beating rhythms
on the knuckles
of a brooding land

and wonders:

He is taken, wondering,

while out of air
and fire
and water
and earth

and all the particles
of Ptolemy's e

evolves a form
who calls itself
the Ubermensch

and smiles a gorgon smile

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WITH PROMISE...

(From Page 9)

bells from somewhere. "Gaud-eamus igitur", they played.

"Listen to the bells, and look," he said, nodding at the remains in his hand, "there is still some air left in the red balloon: The bells rang so we knew what to do, and the Eastern gate opened so we could meet again by the river below."

"When?"

"At noon. Lovers always do," he said, though what he meant was by no means clear. Looking at his watch, he observed that he must leave in a hurry, and did. The girl put her notebook under her arm, bought a red balloon and let the air escape slowly as she walked up the gravel path and through the gate.

By noon the mist had risen and overclouded the sky. Underneath, the city looked like

two greyish rags, severed by the river and held together by the bridges, the stitches as it were by which an untidy seamstress had basted the rags together.

An old man was standing by the edge of the river below the park gate. He looked upstream, leaning idly on a fishing-rod, his back turned to the young man who was pacing up and down and glancing, at each turn, at his wrist watch.

"A city within a city," thought the young man when he saw that the old man's coat was torn at the seam down his

back, "and no bridges to span the river. The sides could be red and black, though clearly they are not."

"If a city can talk and see," he said aloud, approaching the old man's back which during their brief conversation was to remain turned to him, "tell me did you see a young girl looking the way all young girls look when they come to keep a date?"

"No," replied the other, "I am waiting for a body."

"So, in a sense, am I."

"We all are," said a bearded man who was standing by an easel a few paces away. He pointed his brush at a painting of river, bridge and trees. "The blank spot in the river means that a body is missing."

"How clever," observed the young man, "but..."

"And revolutionary," added the painter. "I am the founder of the movement known as de-

fectivism. No canvas without a corpse."

"No sheet without a body," thought the young man, though what he meant was again obscure. If he was thinking of shrouds, it was clearly false. For at this very moment a body in a black dress was drifting in the slow current, her belly rising well above the surface and bobbing up and down with each ripple in the water. When she was off the group of men, the old man threw his line out into the river. The hook caught in her mouth, and while the painter mixed his colours, the old man began hauling his catch ashore.

The young man felt a hand slide into his. "I am sorry I am late."

"I am glad it's not you," he said. "I got frightened. Please, you must not look."

"But I want to," she insisted and kept staring at the belly which loomed close to shore now. "First time I see a black balloon. My mother always gave me pink or green or blue ones to play with when some one was dying or when my father came home on Saturday night. I never had a black or a red one."

She hesitated for a moment and then continued: "Suppose I had a little girl. I would take her to the river and show her all the bodies floating by with their bellies bloated."

"Suppose," said the young man, "I am your little daughter and suppose I start walling for those great big black balloons they have swallowed."

"Then," she said, "I would tell you that they need their balloons to fly to heaven. I would tell you that one day you would want to fly to heaven yourself on a black or a red balloon, no matter which, and that you would not want others to take them away from you."

"Up, to now," said the young man, "I have thought of heaven as full of red balloons. Black ones are so ugly."

"Up to now," replied the girl, "I did not know there was a heaven at all. But since there are red and black balloons, there must be heaven to fly to."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, and as his eyes went out of focus, it seemed to him that the fishing-rod was the needle, and the hook the eyelet, and the line the thread with which the old man was basting the red side of his coat to the black one."

"Of course, he isn't," thought the young man, "but he could be." And as they walked away together, he was so deep in thought that he could no longer tell the real body resting in the shallow water from the body on the canvas, painted where the blank had been.

After the misty morning and the cloudy noon came the foggy evening. The lamps which dotted the park, spanned the river and lined its embankment wore haloes, and so did the moon who could have been full but for a slight dent on her left side.

The young man and the girl sat huddled together on a bench at the foot of the embankment, a little downstream from the park gate and just past a narrow

(Continued on Page 11)

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The Sun, the Sea and Purple Tights

By Greta Ellen Hofmann

Third Place, McGill Daily Short Story Contest

She had been sitting alone on the beach for a long time when the young man came to her. It was a hot day, and the buzz in the air gave her a headache. The intense white sun that burned down upon her and the ocean that was beating relentlessly on the world... washing sea weed up around her feet, were the only entities of which she was aware.

Her cousins and their friends had gone to lunch, but, for days, she had ceased to notice them. She would sit on the beach by herself, and imagine trials with her the prosecutor and judge. She would condemn them with hypocrisy and sentence them to corpulence for life. Hypocrites because in the city they made her feel one of them. Somehow, one's physical appearance didn't matter too much in the winter.

A clumsy figure, bad skin, and indifferent hair were less noticeable when surrounded by bulky woolen clothing. In that confused maze of cold scuffed streets, Marion could walk, anonymous along with other nameless people... heads bent against the penetrating wind. Nobody looked at anybody else, there. In someone's overheated parlour, among cane chairs and overanxious people, even a freak would be acceptable as long as she could quote from Ibsen, play the lute, or make a mobile.

That world of eternal winter was the world for which Marion was made, because the truth is that she was enormously... monstrously fat. Her skin refused to take on any colour at all, and her hair was, as she was often told when she ventured to say that it was "ash-blond", mouse. Here on the sea-shore, where every thing was open, Marion felt a traitor to her friends. No one was unkind to her. She was simply ignored, and ignored with such a frighteningly pleasant finality. Sometimes, it made the other young people feel uncomfortable to see her, immense and self-conscious in a red woolen bathing-suit. Yet, it made them feel strangely healthy with their tanned and athletic bodies intermingling in the white sand.

At the beginning of the summer, they had felt guilty at leaving her alone while they rushed off on the cool summer evenings to dance, or to make love on the beach. They would pat her on the head, and try to reassure her that although she might be intellectually precious for a sixteen year old, she had plenty of growing up to do, and (laughing uncomfortably) there was plenty of time for that. Then, they had attempted to make her their confidante... the pretty young girls in their cotton frills. But they saw how she discouraged their breathless confidences. They did not know that the girl, Marion, was afraid of vicarious pleasure.

More than once, she had made up her mind to leave and go back

home... get a job even. She would pack her bags, purchase her ticket, and then change her mind. For some undefinable reason, it was the sea that forced her to stay. Each morning, she set forth in her bathing-suit with a towel and a book, which she never read. She lay on the sand, day after day, and fascinated herself with the rhythm of the world, and soon the measured beat of the ocean, sun, and her own heart, all beating in unison, would send her into her own oblivious dream world.

Marion was not surprised when the strange young man came to her. In the bizarre sunlight of midday, it seemed only right that on hearing a voice say

"Call me Ishmael", she would look up, and see a tall young man in purple tights, and answer

"Hello, Ishmael."

He sat down beside her.

"I say, Marianne, may I join you."

"How did you know my name?"

"I didn't. I just like the name."

It's beautiful. So are you."

She was hurt. She felt grotesque in her shapeless bathing-suit.

"I mean it. You really are."

He seemed sincere, and so she turned and looked carefully at him. His hair was a furious red, and his half naked body a dazzling white... long and thin in a shaft of sunlight.

"Why are you wearing purple tights?"

"Because I'm king." He looked

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BEHIND THE UNION

at her coldly. "Purple is the colour of royalty... in case you don't know." "Of what are you king?" She asked with elaborate curiosity. "Of my own world... and of you, of course." "Of course," she inserted all her pent up sarcasm into the word. "Don't be so superior. This is (Continued on page 15)



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The Pedant

(Honorable Mention)

by Irving Wolfe

Why
burrow incessantly
in mountains of ash

the scattered refuse of monotony

weaving a pattern
of bloodless tedium
among fleeting shadows?

Can you not see
with every motion
you get farther and farther
from the living, pulsing heartbeat

now dimly sounding in your ears?

WITH PROMISE...

(From Page 10)

bridge. A lamp at the entrance to the bridge vied with the moon in casting its yellow light on the couple below.

"Look at the lamp on the bridge," he said, "doesn't the post look human, a caryatid holding a round paper lantern with a candle inside above her head?"

"It's the fog," she replied, "though it looks more like a man. He does not seem to carry..."

"And are not all the lamps including the moon paper lanterns, lighting up an outdoor costume ball, and we the only guests? Tell me, what happens if you mix red and black?"

"The painter would know. It's a pity our host did not invite him to the ball."

"The result would be yellow, I believe. If it isn't, it should be. Then all the lamps and the moon are so many yellow balloons. Lanterns are as it were balloons by night."

"I am tired of balloons," said the girl, "and afraid. The earth feels like the skin of a balloon, and instead of flying away I am sinking." And she huddled even closer to him, if this was possible.

"Don't be afraid," he said. "You can only make a dent in the earth and only sometimes, just as the shadow of the earth makes a dent in the moon tonight. And if you are tired, let us find a box to hide the balloons in. We shall put the yellow ones in a trunk where the Hallowe'en masks are kept and the Christmas tree decorations. We shall put the black ones in a coffin and the red ones to bed."

"But how are we going to find our way in the dark if we put away the lantern first?"

"We can fumble, or better still,

the yellow ones can wait until morning."

"Are we going to dance once more or are we going?"

As if in reply to her question, the wind brought the sound of bells from somewhere. "Intolbo ad altare Dei," they played.

"We are going," he translated. "Without saying good night to our host?"

"Our host? Yes," he said, "our host. Where is he?"

And as he looked around, the lamp-post at the entrance to the bridge suddenly came to life, swung his right leg over the saddle of his bicycle and rode slowly across the bridge. When the fog swallowed him, only the paper lantern above his head remained visible. After a while it was impossible to tell which was the rising moon, and which the lantern, except perhaps by the slight dent in the moon. But the fishing-rod which was tied length-

wise to the frame was altogether indistinguishable from the moon's beams, even though they

strained their eyes as they walked after him across the bridge.

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Another Crazy Housepainter

(Honorable Mention)

by Lionel Tiger

It was just our luck to get such
a crazy man as our painter.

There are enough people in the world who are professional disturbers, like teachers and writers and judges, without ordinary housepainters causing trouble to the mind.

He was a Frenchman, from Paris, and he could speak seven languages, but we talked in English. I had gotten up late and he had been working for three hours when we began talking.

He was very bitter; I suppose he had good cause to be bitter. He said that when our house would be finished, he would have no work until the end of March. (We spoke on the second of December.) It had happened the past three winters, that he hadn't worked during three months.

He was angry at the government — "well-dressed bums" was his opinion of the government — because they were bringing in Hungarians en masse.

He said, "Sure the poor buggers have had a hard time, but it's our government, for us, not just because Moscow shot up a city."

Is it a wonder there's so many reds around, when a man can't get work three months in the winter?"

Then he said, "One day we'll get those... (well-dressed bums.) He pointed to his temple and said, "Poverty and madness will get those... (well-dressed bums.) Poverty and madness."

I tried to think of a way, but how do you tell a man that his ideas are supposed to be outmoded.

Light

(Honorable Mention)

by Sylvia E. Barnard

There are those who seek light through myriad cities driven by the four winds,

There are those who cherish their own candles and guard them closely till the light is gone.

Promise me, my children, that you will ridicule my faith before you prostitute it.

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The Unholy Trinity

by Shaughnessy Finkelstein
Honorable Mention

That Christmas Eve, I remember, Keith and I stayed away from Dilworth's party, and went over to the rink behind the Flats. Everyone else had gone to a party or church or somewhere that night, so we had the ice all to ourselves, and the parties in the Flats threw a fair light on the rink. There was no blue line, so we made the rule you had to be inside the second board to shoot. All in all, we made a pretty good game of it, just the two of us roaring up and down the ice, the leg muscles feeling leaden when you slowed down, but loosening up wonderfully when you got in stride and soared down the length of the ice full tilt, and for a long time we lost ourselves in the dizzy rush of the puck on the lonely rink, and the whistling thunder the blades made as they bit ice.

About an hour later, it started to snow lightly. We leaned on the boards for a minute and threw off a few sweaters, as both of us were panting.

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"Like hell," I shouted as he

sailed around me. "It's 22-21 for me."

Highly indignant, I heaved my stick after him. It missed, but he had to choke his stride to go over it, and nearly hit his head on the goalpost as he swung off balance. A trifle peeved at that, he snagged the puck on the end of his stick, and levelled it at my head. It rifled high over my shoulder, and I turned to catch a glimpse of a man in his bright kitchen pouring drinks, just as the puck slammed into his storm door.

"Tally-HO" yelled Keith, but the drink-mixer made as if to vault the porch in his shirt sleeves, so we grabbed our clothes from the boards and headed for the fence down by Sherbrooke Street. It was somewhat choppy running across the field in skates, as it was all pocked with footprints and little frozen stretches, but the gent in shirt sleeves had given up by the time we cleared the fence, so we stopped to catch some breath and put our sweaters on.

"Young vandal!" I asked, "was that done in true Christmas spirit?"

"Christmas spirit horsepooh," said Keith. "Only people get anything out of it are the stores. Big excuse for the phonies to get stoned. Nuts to their silly parties." Then as an after thought, "Anyway he's got my puck."

Keith had a very breezy and sometimes downright juvenile outlook toward some things — even though he was almost fifteen and five months older than I was — but somehow nothing he ever said struck me as being irreverent. We stood by the fence awhile, watching the determined gaiety of the lights around the dark back lot, and how the low clouds gave back the jaundiced light of the city, and the snow falling thickly now in the windless night.

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It was a convention with him that he went to Lynn's because and only because he was hungry. He must have had one terrific appetite.

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(Continued on page 15)

Just Married

— CLAORA STYRON

Honorable Mention

Newlyweds
fleeing form
cake and candlelight
and tall halls white
to be
newly won
and
newly one
in
beauty
on a squeaking bed,
a dusty room —
O crazy clouds,
O smoky moon!

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FUNCTIONS OF THE PACKING INDUSTRY

The meat-packing industry acts as hand-maiden to Canadian agriculture. It is the marketing division of the country's livestock trade. Its function is to make the steer on the range or the hog in the pen into high quality meats for your table, and it has learned to do this while netting the producer a fair return into the bargain.

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J. Shaw, U. of T.

Dominion Bridge Engineers



Shown inset are two Dominion Bridge engineers who worked on these major projects:

Above: DONALD H. JAMIESON, resident engineer on the Granville Bridge, shown with drawing of completed structure. Mr. Jamieson, 38, (B.Eng. U.B.C.) now plant engineer, has held positions as field engineer and erection superintendent at other important projects.

Left: CLAUDE G. RENAUD, field engineer on the Halifax-Dartmouth Bridge, shown making vital check on length of strands for main cable. Mr. Renaud, 33 (B.Eng., McGill) has worked in drawing and design offices and on erection with the Company, before and since graduation.

...Span the Continent!

Not long ago Dominion Bridge engineers were engaged simultaneously in building two of Canada's major bridges—at opposite ends of the country.

The Halifax-Dartmouth Suspension Bridge, completed in 1955, is the largest to be built in Canada for 17 years. With its main span of 1447 feet and total length of 4420 feet, it is surpassed only by the Lion's Gate Bridge, Vancouver (longest in the Commonwealth), also built by Dominion Bridge.

The Granville Bridge, Vancouver, completed in 1954, is Canada's first eight-lane highway bridge. Of the cantilever type, it has an 88 ft. wide roadway between sidewalks and is capable of handling no less than 4000 vehicles per hour. Length of steelwork: 1773 ft. Longest clear span: 397½ ft.

These projects typify the resources and experience of the company in the field of structural engineering.

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THE UNHOLY...

(From page 13)

pear motherly, though most of it was her natural feminine repulsion to violence.

"We could do something constructive, though," I pondered, "to show the world there are still some hardy souls around who haven't succumbed to the blandishments of modern advertising and drivel about sappy teen-agers."

"Sure thing," said Keith, carrying on, "something manly and creative to prove we still cherish the holiday spirit. Let's go pull some streetcar wires off the lines down on Sherbrooke and start a traffic jam."

"Not for me," Lyn said. "I'm a good girl."

"This be man's talk, woman," said Keith. "Anyway, let's ship into this apartment and get warm while we think about it."

We entered the back trades entrance of a rather slummy building called "Cloverdale House—No Children Allowed," and stood there stomping on the cement floor and shaking the wet snow from our hair. Keith scrutinized the stairwell, as we sat down on three of the ten garbage cans which furnished the bare hall, thoughtfully provided by the management for our added Christmas Eve enjoyment.

An impish glint entered Keith's eye. "Let's carry all those cans up to the top floor," he said eagerly. "Make a glorious smash if we dropped them down the stairwell. Give the parties a real shot in the arm and the men can all play hero chasing us."

I thought it was terrific idea, but Lynn balked at the prospect of being hauled into juvenile court.

"You can be look-out," I said. "No one will suspect you."

So we bundled Lynn outside and started the big push. Three trips each got all the cans up to the fifth floor. Once, at the third floor, a door opened and some people came out. We ducked back down, but they went down the main stairs at the other end of the hall, and didn't notice us in the dimness of the back stairs. When all the cans were up, we stood around a while just thinking of what a terrific noise they would make, and wondering whether they would break when they hit the bottom, and just generally feeling sinister and dangerous, which was half the fun of it. Finally we lined them up single file like squadrons of torpedos, and Keith roared "Gunner, are you ready?"

"Aye aye, sir," I shouted back. "Then fire number one!" Keith bellowed.

"Ruddy good, sir," I replied, and down she went. We leaned over and watched it fall, slowly at first, and then suddenly narrow away, rushing past the piled levels, and hit the basement with a deafening bang. The acoustics in the entrance were like an echo chamber, and every wall gave back the sound of gun-fire.

"Fire number two!" roared Keith, cool as ever, and we heaved two more over together, and then the whole load as fast as we could, for doors were banging open on all the lower levels, and the whole building seemed to be in the throes of an earthquake. A startled man in horn-rimmed glasses whipped

open a door on our floor, and Keith yelled "Abandon ship!" We had no time to heave the last can over. Keith tripped over it on the way down, and kicked it clattering ahead of us for two flights before we contrived to stumble past it on the dead run and break for the entrance. The last flight flew by in one twelve-stair leap, and we burst out into the snowy night laughing fit to bring the building down, grabbed one of Lynn's hands each, and pulled her away with us as we tore madly up the street, while a pack of braying white-collar celebrants stumbled after us in hot pursuit.

"She did it, she's the ring-leader," Keith yelled between gasps. "She lured us on and tempted us."

"Oh sir, but I had bad companions in my youth," Lynn shrieked. We slithered laughing on the reeling pavements for two more blocks, and then managed to skid around a corner and get in behind a signboard, where we collapsed full length in the snow and shoved our heads in the cold drifts to hide our laughter.

After the sounds of the chase had died away, and the disillusioned posse gone back to their various parties, we staggered to our feet like three delirious phantoms, weak with laughter and covered with snow. Keith and I each threw an arm around Lynn, and we all huddled together inside the corner of the signboard. For a while there was spasmodic shaking and sounds as of people weeping, and of silver garbage cans toppling from precarious heights, but presently these too faded out.

"Fool killers," I said.

"Bird watchers," Lynn whispered.

"Good old Christmas," muttered Keith, and then stillness fell in the shelter of the tall frame. Faintly through the muffled air came the rumbling snicker of tire chains in slush, and the dull boom of shunting in the freight yards. Snow drifted in cloudy swirls through the yellow glare of the streetlights, but in the dark lee of the signboard it dwindled straight and very softly, through the thin smoke of our breathing to the trampled drifts. The snowfall made a cold blanket in our hair, but we stood a long time watching, quiet at last, as silently, unceasingly, the massive skies that hung above the city fell apart, and drifted down in snow.

Coldly, blindly, but as beautiful as this dark earth, it fell, and we were fourteen and it was Christmas Eve.

THE SUN...

(From page 11)

the world as I see it. You see, you and I are in different worlds. Now most people are. And we are each attached to the material world on one point. Like this..." And on the sand he drew one big circle, and two little ones each touching it. The design didn't hold well in the dry sand.

"That's silly. If we're in different world, how can we talk to each other?"

"Easily," he said comfortably. He burrowed his long thin hand under the sand. It touched and grasped hers. "You see, if I touch you, we are in contact. Are pulses

you we are in contact. Our pulses to beat together, and then with the world. The sea is all we have in common. I withdraw my hand, there... we are each alone."

They were silent. Marion watched the young man as he busily covered his legs with sand. Finally he spoke.

"Underneath it all, you see, it's a paradox. We want freedom, and yet we want to know that if we cry out, someone will hear us. You and I... we could love each other but..."

She felt herself tightening up inside. His legs were sandy bumps now.

"...but it would be a mediocre love. We still need someone else to hear us. We're both too ugly to exist alone together in a vacuum... The knowledge that we are part of all this dynamic universe doesn't change things at all. We've still got to be heard."

He sprang out of his sandy cage to his feet, and he stood with his back to the moving mass of steely water, and straight... straight as a young tree was his freckled back... white against the metallic sea. He cried out loud and fast above the sea:

"Who, if I cried, would hear me? Who, among the angelic orders, would?"

A tiny fist of panic began to pound inside Marion. She whispered "I don't want to be alone. I don't want to be alone. I don't want to be alone..." It was a catechism. She swayed slightly in the noonday sunniness. For, who would hear among the angelic orders? Among the orders of beautiful young people in cotton frills with voices soft like angels? Out of the stu-

finess of her dreams, she groped towards his dazzling beauty. His image stood sharply etched in her mind.

"Yes," he was saying, "I see your beauty, but who else will? Who else will want to touch you? There are other kings into whose

worlds you will never get a passport."

He seemed to be disappearing into the torrid white sky. The pounding became more and more intense.

"I must think... think," she

(Continued on page 18)

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Student Fund Raises \$5187 For Expansion Program

A total of \$5187 was collected for the "Student Fund For McGill" the executive in charge of the fund announced today, as final figures were compiled now that all returns are in. The net amount turned over to the McGill Fund from this amount was \$4318.

Approximately 60% of the student body made donations, to make the largest amount netted in a drive for funds at McGill since 1950, the next being \$3800 in 1953 and 1954.

"FUNDAY" CONTRIBUTED \$527 TO THE FUND

A total of \$850 was received from fraternity canvassing, and a further donation of \$100 was

received from the Panhellenic Council.

The "Penny Mile" added \$144.32 to the fund total. Aside from the "pennies", \$200 was collected through the "carnival" which was staged in conjunction with the Football Dance on November 10. The "Fund Frolic" brought in a further \$72, while the sale of tickets for a chance on the two Grey Cup tickets came to \$115. \$400 was contributed by various other groups.

All the groups and events mentioned above contributed in total approximately \$2400 and the rest of the \$5200 collected was received from the student body as a whole.

Two McGillians at P.C. Convention

Two McGill students will be among the 1470 voting delegates at the National Progressive Conservative Convention ending to-day in Ottawa. Bob Amaron and Taylor Dickinson were chosen to represent the McGill P.C. Club which, like

similar Clubs at U. of M., Laval and Toronto, is entitled to send two delegates to take part in the deliberations on party policy and to help select a new party leader.

The McGill Club has sent a list of recommendations to the Resolutions Committee including full support of the U.N. Police Force in Suez with special emphasis on a need for a permanent solution to the Arab-Israeli conflict.

They also suggest Senate reform, opposition to an unrestricted Health Insurance program, but approval of Federal help where needed, and a vigorously-worded proposal that Federal funds be made available to the Provinces for equitable distribution to educational institutions within the Province.

Forge Sold Out In Record Time

This year's edition of Forge, McGill's literary magazine, sold out in one day and one hour. By 10.00 a.m. Tuesday 900 copies out of the 1000 printed had been purchased.

Originally Forge was to be sold for three days as has been done in the past. This, however, was impossible.

Film Society Presents Buster Keaton Comedy

"The General", a Buster Keaton silent comedy of 1927, will be shown tonight at 8 pm in the Physical Sciences Centre Auditorium as the last presentation of the Film Society for this term.

The comic art of Buster Keaton was one of the distinguishing features of early silent comedies. Keaton's dead-pan face, as he dealt with the intricate business of living, reflected as much as Chaplin's mannerisms did the plight of the little man lost in a complicated, overwhelming world.

In "The General", Keaton demonstrates his comedy technique in conjunction with a railway line and a steam engine. With Keaton, it seems that mechanical things

become strangely human while humans become impersonal. The mournful face of Buster Keaton dominates this movie, epitomising and emphasizing the art of "dry" comedy.

NEW YORK FOR XMAS?

Two cars leaving Friday 21st December for New York have room for passengers willing to share costs. Anyone interested please contact Jim Lotz, BE. 5305 before 9 a.m. or via DAILY.

ATTENTION GRADUATING STUDENTS

IF YOU WANT TO APPEAR IN OLD MCGILL YOU MUST RETURN YOUR PROOFS NOT LATER THAN

Tuesday December 18th

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Details and application forms can be obtained from C. M. McDougall, Director, Placement Service.

Applications for summer employment from third year students and graduates are also invited.

Interviews will be held at McGill University on the 17th and 18th of December.

Powder Room

by Snookie

Here's my Christmas gift for you —
The fall semester in review

It gave Montrealers quite a thrill
In '56 to "Meet McGill",
And though not too many of them came
They got a big thrill just the same.

Everyone THINKS that the Daily can't spell,
But the proofreader rather than printer gets Hell;
Between deadline and wire service we have to choose
And that's why we're first with yesterday's news.

The football team was rather weak —
They had a one-game winning streak;
But one thing we can't quite remember
Is the train ride, drinking, parties, drinking, general hellraising, and,
oh yes, drinking, when we went to Toronto supposedly for a foot-
ball game which nobody went to on the first weekend in November.

A subject which was rather testy
Concerned our Uncle M. Duplessis
Who didn't give McGill a chance
Of getting Uncle Louis' grants;
Some politicians think this funny
But just what's wrong with federal money?

Now here's a bright and cheerful note
Which, out of context, we shall quote:
The S.E.C. will get our greetings,
But ONLY at their open meetings.

To R. V. C. a joyous Yule,
We hope you like your swimming pool;
We also hope that you receive
An extra-special late late leave;
In any case, just have a ball
Because if you can't do it before two-thirty,
you can't do it at all.

It's easy for those in S.E.C. elections
Who make sure that they have the proper connections,
And easier still to win with propriety
A sinecure post on an Honour Society.
We'll know before voting who's won, lost, or tied
If we know what fraternities are on whose side.

One dear lady won't get a new mink
Because McGill got a skating rink,
But a student who wants to skate is fated
To play hockey for the Interfinancial Association of Banks and
Breweries Incorporated.

When November's weather turned slightly frosty
The Players' Club warmed us with the "Respectful Prostie".
Exams are approaching and everyone blames
That eminent gentleman, F. Cyril James,
But take some advice from the Powder Room bard:
Do not go up skiing, and DO study hard.

Have a super vacation that's full of good cheer,
Merry Christmas to all, and to all a New Year.

Carnival Program Ready For Gala Winter Show

The McGill Winter Carnival will mark its tenth anniversary next February, with proceedings getting underway Feb. 21 and running until Feb. 23.

Thursday evening, Feb. 21, will see a torchlight parade up Mount Royal to Beaver Lake, where civic and other dignitaries will officially open the 1957 McGill Winter Carnival. Beaver Lake will be the scene of snow sculptures. The opening ceremonies will be followed by a skating show featuring outstanding figure skaters, and by a skiing exhibition. The evening will be climaxed by a mammoth fireworks display and dance in the Chalet atop Mount Royal.

The International Invitational Collegiate ski meet will take place Friday, Feb. 22 at Mont Gabriel, with many American and Canadian universities competing. Forum Night, to be held that evening will

feature many figure and comedy skating stars, and the traditional McGill-U. of M. hockey game. Highlight of Forum Night will be the crowning of Carnival Queen.

Finals of the Winter Carnival Debating Tournament will be held Saturday afternoon. Over forty American and Canadian colleges are expected to take part in this tournament. The Carnival Revue, comprising the musical revues of many American and Canadian college shows, will also take place Saturday afternoon.

The entire Carnival weekend will be climaxed by the Carnival Ball, to be held Saturday evening. Lavish decorations and a big-name band will highlight the dance.

A unique feature of the Carnival will be the snow sculpture contests between fraternities, faculties, and residences.

NEW DEBATING LEAGUES FORMED

The Debating Union has announced the formation of two new tournaments and the revival of a third. The new leagues are the Religious Clubs League, the National Clubs League, and a revival of the Inter-Residence Debating League.

According to John Hammel and Mark Berkovitch, chairman of the Religious Clubs and National Clubs Leagues, respectively, these two tournaments are proceeding "very successfully". Douglas Hall, Wilson Hall, United Theological College, Presbyterian College, and R.V.C. will be competing in the Inter-Residence League. This tournament will take the form of a round-robin with a trophy as prize.

The purpose of these three leagues is to promote interest in

debating and inexperienced debaters will be allowed to participate. Danny Wainberg, chairman of the special tournaments committee of the Debating Union, expressed the hope that "this sort of thing will become an integral part of Debating Union activities and that through these debates campus interest in debating will increase."

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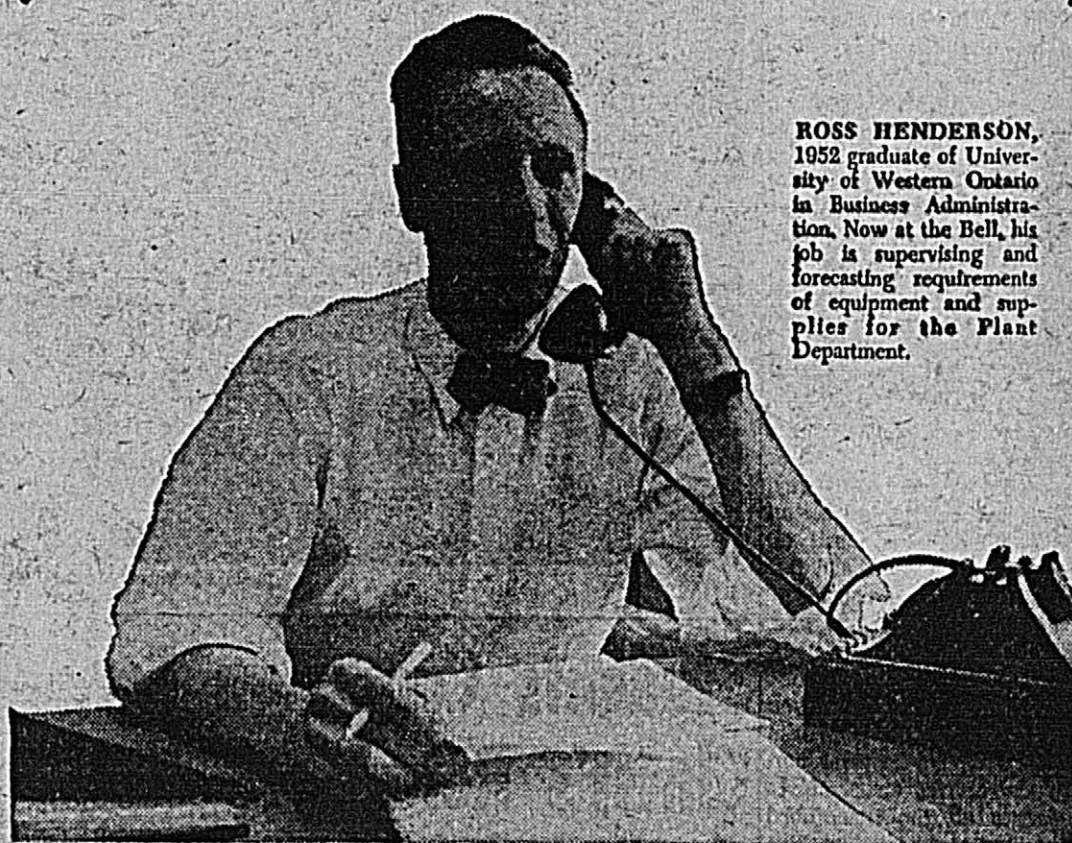
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ROSS HENDERSON,
1952 graduate of University of Western Ontario in Business Administration. Now at the Bell, his job is supervising and forecasting requirements of equipment and supplies for the Plant Department.

To give you an insight into some of the interesting jobs — jobs with a future — for college graduates at the Bell, we asked Ross Henderson to report on his training and work to date:

"The forecasting of supplies, in which I'm employed, is gaining rapidly in its importance to modern industry — especially in a company like the Bell which expects to purchase over fifty-six million dollars of equipment and supplies just in the next year alone!

"To gain a first-hand knowledge of equipment, I worked, for my first two months, at placing poles and stringing cables — doing all the things a regular lineman does.

"Then I spent a few months installing and repairing telephones in residences and on business premises. Soon I was working on equipment such as switchboards. This on-the-job experience was not only interesting — it has also proven of immense value now that I have moved into my present position. The Bell training courses are really helpful, too — well timed to help you move ahead.

"But the thing I like most is the way in which I'm given personal responsibility for seeing a job through — and the chance to move around and advance in a large and rapidly expanding company!

Many of Ross' friends at University have also joined the Company. YOU, too, can find a job that's best suited to your interests. Talk to the Bell Employment Officer when he visits your campus.

BELL TELEPHONE

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will be visiting
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Ask your Placement Officer now for our new career booklets and to arrange an appointment for you. The Bell offers a wide variety of opportunities for Engineering, Arts, Science and Commerce graduates, both men and women.



THE
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OF CANADA

HUNGARIAN STUDENTS MAY ENTER U of T

Toronto — (CUP) — If they accept the University of Toronto offer made last Sunday, 250 Engineering Students and staff of the University of Sopron in Hungary will be studying and teaching on this Campus next September. President Sidney Smith extended the invitation through Immigration Minister Pickersgill. The President heard of the faculty's wish to move last Saturday.

All expenses of the Students and staff salaries are pledged by

Canadian Corporations to at least June 1958. This plan would in no way interfere with the plans of Varsity students to help the Hungarians.

Conditions are: Each Student must be examined individually to determine his academic standing by Toronto standards.

They must not be segregated from other Engineering Students; must have adequate knowledge of English before beginning classes. Utmost flexibility in courses was promised by Smith. Sopron Professors are offered special appointments if qualified.

Boys, Our XMAS Gift to YOU



Photo by Universal Pictures

THE SUN ...

(From page 15)

muttered and tried to remember nursery rhymes. "Little Bo-Peep". No one would ever hear her among the orders.

"...sat in the corner, eating a Christmas pie." She was babbling foolishly.

She was lost. She tried to stand up but fell. A voice cried out for help. It was one she had never heard before. It was her own.

The sand was hot and surprisingly hard as she hit it.

* * *

Slowly, and with effort, as if by some irrepressible force, her eyes opened.

There were a man and a woman on the beach, now. The man was a big man in a servant's uniform, and he was gently leading the young man away. Ishmael was still crying out his long melodious chant.

"Who, who would hear me if I cried, if I yelled... if I screamed bloody murder? If I spat bile, who would hear me?"

The woman, small and grey, was crying. In her starched cotton dress, she looked like a sail on a sea of sand. She came and put her hand on Marion's shoulder.

"He didn't do anything to you, did he, dearie?"

Marion shook her head dumbly.

"He's really quite harmless, you know. His mother won't have him put away. Well, it's easy for her, the way she carries on... off to house parties all the time. Lord knows, we try to watch him. But you can't help slipping up once in a while."

"No, he didn't do anything."

"Well, I hope you didn't listen to anything he said. He's a terrific liar. Here, honey, take this."

They went, a strange procession, leaving Marion alone on the beach. She buried the paper that the woman gave her. She dug deep... deep past the dry sand until it became wet, and in this dank grave, she buried the bill. Then she covered it with the hot dry sand.

Although she could not grasp exactly what had happened, she realized that she disagreed with Ishmael... the strange young man in the purple tights. For, she knew that for one moment, one brief moment, she had been heard.

There was nothing left to do. She would wait for him to come back... like a yogi.

Quite by accident, that night, they found Marion sitting alone on the beach. Alone with the beating of her heart... the pounding of the sea.

Students Campaign For Christ's Return To Xmas

A campaign to divorce the holiday season from commercialism and to "Bring Back Christ to Christmas" is now being conducted in Montreal with the aid

of students from McGill, Loyola, Sir George Williams, and Marianopolis.

The campaign, started eight years ago at St. Mary's college in Halifax, has been in operation in Montreal for almost six years. It is non-sectarian in nature, and is under the full approval of the city's civic and religious authorities.

As part of last year's activities a shapely creche was erected on the grounds of Phillips Square in the heart of Montreal. The project will be duplicated this year, by committee members and volunteers.

ASUS PLANS NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

For the first time in history the ASUS New Year's Eve Party will feature two bands. Russ Duffort and his orchestra will provide smooth dancing music in the Union Ballroom while Mike Dodman's Holy Rollers will jazz it up in the Lounge.

The Dance will start at 10.00 p.m. Free noisemakers will be supplied and a drawing will be held at midnight for a special prize. Tickets at \$2.50 per couple will be on sale at the door.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

In keeping with the Festive Season, the McGill Students' Union will present a special Christmas meal in the Union Cafeteria on Wednesday, December 19.

The price for the meal is 75¢.

Columbia Students Favour Exam 'Honour' System

Columbia University students have recently acted as Guinea Pigs in an 'Honour' system of exams. Under this system, students are on their honour not to cheat, there being no officials present while the exams are written.

Initial reaction to the 'Honour Attitude' seems favourable, judging by the answers given on questionnaires filled out by students who took the unproctored Humanities A exams during the recent midterm period.

These polls consisted of five objective queries and three more general questions. Students were asked to comment on the success of unproctored system and to tell how they felt about the 'Honour System' as it applied to class and personal affairs.

Freshmen seemed most optimistic about the future of the 'Honour Attitude'. Sophomores displayed more indifference and many sophomores and juniors were doubtful about the plan's practicability. One freshman remarked that he "would be even less apt to cheat if I were put on my Honour." This feeling predominated amongst freshmen.

On the other hand, a typical upperclassman's response noted that "on the whole 75% of the Columbia students are honest" and

wondered "what can you really do to change those who cheat".

From the few students who expressed comments as "If one has not acquired a positive ethical code by now in his personal affairs he can only be pitied" and "since there is no indoctrination, as soon as the newness wore off cheating would begin again."

STUDENTS...

(From page 2)

medium-sized Eastern university thinks that restrictions are too hard for those living on campus since there is "no opportunity for 'junior' to grow up." And a comparison between school and home life is made by a sophomore coed at a small Midwestern state teachers college who says: "I have much more freedom at home and there are rules my parents wouldn't think of enforcing."

A foreign graduate student at the University of Minnesota (Minneapolis) contrasts our colleges with those in Europe. He feels that there is a totally different viewpoint on the two continents. "In Europe students are treated as adults; they are respected as leaders and future leaders. In the United States they are treated like children, regimented under trivia and red-tape."

Editorial... "NUTS"...

(From page 2)

to dash along and get their tickets while they can. In effect, they will have made money out of the SEC.

We cannot quibble with the amount of energy and imagination that the Prom Committee has put into making this formal a success. The whole idea for this year's Prom is a good one, and the value offered is outstanding. Nevertheless this is not the real issue. Some effort should be made to keep the expenditure on the Prom within reasonable limits, especially since it is an activity that only benefits a small percentage of the student body. Perhaps a better theme for this year's Prom would have been "We've got a costly bunch of Coconuts".



"I want a copy of the Physics mid-term"

Christmas



and you



With Prayer

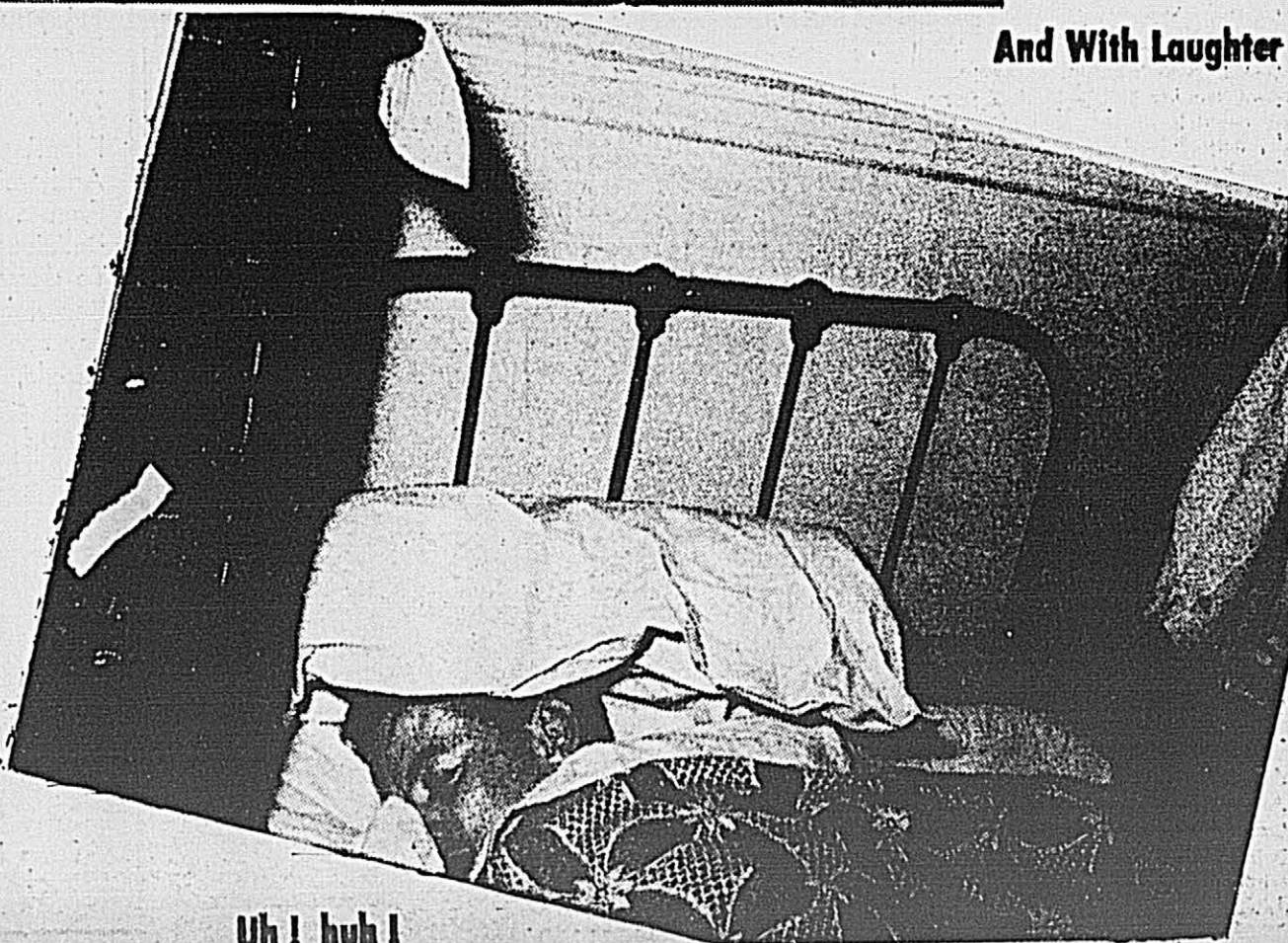


At Play

And With Laughter



At Work...



Uh! huh!



To the Redmen fans both tried and true,
This poem I dedicate to you.

He glides through the air with the greatest of ease,
It's old Santa Claus in his red BVD's.
He brings happiness and Christmas cheer
And a happy and healthy bright new year.
Let's see what he's got for some McGill men,
Let's look in his pack and see what they've won.
For Larry Sullivan of football fame,
Something to help win a 60 minute game.
And then for the 'Rock' of hockey lore,
An offense that scores goals galore.
For the goaltending problem which is all worrisome,
Defensive stability to stop scoring flurries.

For Barry Thompson's water polo men,
Championships until God knows when,
The same for Howie Ryan's rugger crew,
The soccer, tennis, and track squads too.
And Santa please a football crown,
So we can wipe away that frown.
For pro football fans cheering Al's Red and White,
A Grey Cup game without Johnny Bright.
And next year please an All-Star game,
Without the mud and sleet and rain.

For Joe Anderson and his basketball hands,
A season in which they are not also rans.
And for Mr. Griffiths up at the Gym,
You should see the letter he's writing to him,
Asking St. Nick if he will please tell,
Whether next year's predictions will sufficiently fell.
And to all the athletes here at McGill,
Let's go, you Redmen, give us a thrill,
In '57 let's head the race,
Make it so the others can't keep pace.

Let the football fans in all the nation,
Get up and give the Redmen an ovation.
To Sam Yuska, a double trophy man,
Let's all stand up and give a hand.
To Larsen, Shaw and Vaughan McVey,
They played great football all the way.
To Wally Bulchak who from Toronto came,
To Old McGill to play the game,
To Carr and Cronins, John and Joe,
Next season Redmen let's Go! Go! Go!
To Bennett, Murphy and Hawley, Dave,
About whom everyone did rave,
To Tilley, McCabe and Dingle, Paul,
A lot of luck come next fall.

To Holland, Sandzelius and Adrian Rick,
To hockeymen Sigurdson, Grant and Konyk,
To Behrman, Anderson and Bert Bertrand,
A season which is really grand.
To Picard, Armstrong and Des Deslmons,
To the referees who are often phoney,
To Gallagher, Copp and Browns, Rae and Buster,
See if the Redmen a team can muster,
To carry each and every game,
And bring to McGill football fame.

To hockey fans everywhere always a thrill,
Whether you're watching Konyk or Le Gros Bill,
To Senior, Lawes, and Dougie Maule,
Let's go boys, get on the ball.
To Allmand, Joyal and Phil Turcotte,
We know the team will soon get hot,
To McDonald, Henderson and Ross Dibble,
If they only get one we won't quibble,
To McMullan, Genereux and John Swaine,
Get in there boys and play the game.
To Eldon Horsman and Smitty, Bruce,
The season's greeting go out to youse.
To Baltzan, Siggie, and Ross Hughes,
Some smashing victories against the Blues.
And to mongoose lover Frank Mahoney,
We know that broken arm is no phoney.

To Merv and Rae the goal judge pros,
No itching fingers of frozen toes.
To Albert Hunter and his Zamboni machine,
Keeping the winter Stadium ice clean,
To Jimmy Adams, with good reason,
A happy holiday, the best of the season.

And finally to our sports staff fine,
And everyone who sees this rhyme,
To all who read this horsh of mine,
Merry Christmas, have a helluva time.

Snowdon Crew Beat Inter Braves 4-1

On Wednesday night at the MWS, coach Johnny Meagher's Intermediate Braves suffered their first defeat of the young season, losing to the Metropolitan League Snowdon 'Stars' by a 4-1 count. The difference in the two teams was the ability to capitalize on good scoring chances, as the Stars made the most of theirs, and McGill did just the opposite.

It was a fast, scrappy contest which saw the Braves outshot their visitors 30 to 24. Jerry Wasserman was in the nets for Meagher's boys throughout the entire game, but he could not be blamed for the loss.

In the first period, McGill was badly outplayed, and the Snowdon outfit got onto the score sheet twice during the last four minutes of the period. Both goals were notched when the Braves were shorthanded.

The Red and White tightened up greatly in the next twenty minutes of action, and actually had much the better of territorial play. However the Snowdon defensemen somehow always managed to tie the Braves up when they got in close for a shot. Again the Stars scored twice without a reply, but finally at the 10:32 mark in the period, McGill scored. The goal was notched by Doug McGregor who took a neat pass from Dave Outerbridge, and drilled a back-hand drive into the upper right hand corner of the net.

In the third period, McGill again had a territorial advantage, but both goalers kept their nets clear of pucks.

Two regulars did not dress for the game, namely John Bennett and Marcel Forcier. Bob Gauthier took Forcier's place up front, while Doug McNaughton played at Bennett's defense spot.

The Braves play at Loyola Col-

There will be recreational skating at the McGill Winter Stadium this Monday from 8 to 10 o'clock. Only McGill students will be admitted and students are requested to bring their students identification cards.



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McGill Swimming Squad Shows Best At Athletics Night

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VOLLEYBALL

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ICE HOCKEY

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VOLLEYBALL

Tuesday, December 18th
1.00 P.M. Phys. Ed. vs. Med 2

TABLE TENNIS

The finals between Scholtz and Butkov must be played during the week of December 17th.

INTERCOLLEGIATE HOCKEY STANDINGS

	P	W	L	T	A	Pts.
Toronto	3	2	0	7	3	4
Laval	2	2	0	11	6	4
McGill	2	0	2	7	10	0
U of M	2	0	2	2	8	0

Scoring Leaders

	G	A	Pts	Pen.
Michel Lagace, L	4	2	6	8
Pierre Raymond, L	2	4	6	2
Brian Anderson, T	2	3	5	0
Clare Fisher, T	1	3	4	0
Georges Lemieux, L	3	0	3	4
Dick Baltzan, M	2	1	3	2
Leo Konyk, M	1	2	3	0
Ken Linseman, T	1	2	3	0
Lorne Arseneault, L	0	3	3	2
Paul Roy, L	0	3	3	0

REDMEN...

(From page 21)

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SERVE CANADA AND YOURSELF IN THE **C.O.T.C.**

Mr. Claus, Help Our Joe They've Lost 4 In A Row

When conversing with Santa Claus this Christmas, don't forget to say a few words for Joe Anderson and his McGill Basketball Redmen. The club has played four exhibition games this season, all against American schools. The results of these tilts had one thing in common: McGill was on the losing end! Their latest loss was a 70-44 game against Plattsburg last week.

This note of apparent pessimism should not be taken as indicating that prospects for the coming season are poor. On the contrary, the Redmen seem stronger this year than they have looked in many a moon. With Justin Cross, the ex-Colby College star, set to join Captain Leon DuPlessis on the forward line, the offensive punch of the club is a good deal more powerful than that of last year. Cross stands 6'5" and "Dupe", 6'4".

At guard, high-scoring Don Wright is slated to see starting

duty against McMaster on January 11 in the league opener. Wright, the team's leading point-getter last season, has looked both hot and cold this year. Anderson, however, expects the hard-driving guard to have a successful year in 1957.

Ozzie Zommers is still out with his leg injury and Sonny Gordon is also expected to view proceedings from the sidelines due to ailments. Tim Leary, a promising prospect who shows good ball-handling and a fast break, is among those who will probably be used quite a bit. Herman Zloklikovits, Finny Heffernan, and John Finch more than likely will see a good deal of action.

Marty Cohen, Leon Solomon, Frank Scheider and George Rosenberg have shown well recently in practice, and it is thought that these fellows way find themselves with more of a chance to prove themselves under fire in the early games of the regular season.

Redmen Off To Toronto, Michigan; Slip Mahoney Slips, Breaks Arm

By ERIC RENNERT

Troubles come and go, and unfortunately they always manage to find a home in the lap of one or other of McGill's varsity coaches. This year's hockey season is no exception, witness Redmen coach Rocky Robillard's sleepless nights of the past week or so. In two Intercollegiate League starts thus far, the Redmen have come out second best in both cases.

First it was Jimmy Grant who injured his leg during the football season. Robillard was counting on him to share part of the blue line burden, but now it seems that he won't see any action at all this season. Then Ross Hughes twisted his knee in the opening game with Toronto. Although he played against Laval last Friday night, his skating was certainly not up to par, thus hampering Through no fault of his own play of his linemates, Leo Konyk and Dick Baltzan, to some extent.

Now it's Francois X. Mahoney who is adding to Robillard's woes. The only Boston born player in the League, Slip Mahoney suffered a broken arm during practice this week. Although he hasn't seen any action in league games, the scrappy left winger, a veteran of four hockey seasons at Harvard, was being counted on to play a bigger part in Redmen games.

However the news isn't all bad. Robillard is quite pleased with the play of newcomer Phil Turcotte. Turcotte turned out for practice only last week, and made an auspicious debut in the game with Laval by notching one of the five Redmen tallies. This week in an exhibition scrimmage at the MWS with Nationales of the Metropolitan League, he led the Redmen to a 3-2 victory, picking up two goals. His showing in the next week or so should go a long way in estimating the Redmen's probable finishing spot in the Intercollegiate League this season.

Turning the pages back to last Friday night, we see that Robillard's Red and White crew played host to Laval University at the Winter Stadium. The pages also show that the Redmen lost the game by a close 6-5 count. This was the second loss in as many starts for McGill.

Offensively, Konyk and Baltzan stood out, with the former turning in his best showing to date. Captain Jack McMullan and Keith Lawes both played steady games, while Turcotte showed well in the first canto. Baltzan led the home team snipers, notching two goals and also picking up an assist. Konyk scored once while picking up two assists, and Turcotte and McMullan blinked the red light for the other two markers. Des Senior picked up an assist on Baltzan's second tally.

This weekend the Redmen make their first big road trip of the season. Tonight they take on the Varsity Blues in Toronto where they will try to avenge their 4-2 setback of two weeks ago. To-

morrow night will find them in Ann Arbor, Michigan, where they meet the University of Michigan 'Wolverines' in an exhibition game. These same Wolverines fought the (Continued on page 22)

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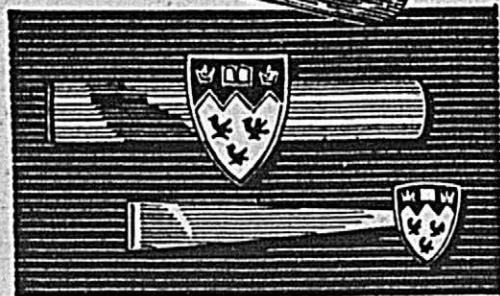
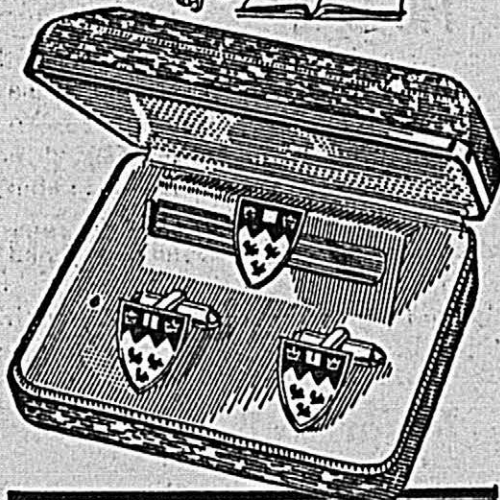
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SERVE CANADA AND YOURSELF IN THE **C.O.T.C.**

Yuska, Larsen, Konyk Sweep Redmen Gridiron Awards

Sam Yuska Takes Two Trophies; Blackadder Named Inter MVP

(by IRWIN SANKOFF)

Last night was award night for the McGill Redmen football squad and it was the linemen who took all the honours. To narrow it down even more, it was the ends who came in for the lion's share of the laurels.

Sam Yuska, who plays both offensive and defensive end, was named winner of the two top awards. He took the Lea Memorial Award as the most valuable player to the team for team play and also annexed the Fred Wigle Memorial Trophy as the most sportsmanlike member of the team. This was the first time that one player has won both awards in the same season.



Sam Yuska



John Larsen



Leo Konyk

Leo Konyk, a defensive end, was named winner of the Lois Obeck Trophy as the most improved McGill football player. The Touchdown Trophy, which is won annually by the most valuable lineman on the team, was won this year by John Larsen.

Earl Blackadder won the Clare Mussen Memorial Trophy as the most valuable Intermediate player.

The awards were made last night at a football dinner in honour of the McGill Redmen and the High School All-Stars and Senior teams. The All-stars were all given trophies for being named to the dream teams.

The McGill players voted among themselves to pick the Redmen awards.

Yuska, a fourth year Engineering student and a native of Hamilton Ontario, completed a very successful season with the Redmen. Yuska, who packs 180 pounds on his five foot eleven inch frame, was the leading pass receiver on the Redmen as he took 11 passes for 150 yards. He was also named to the Daily's Intercollegiate All-Star team while the CUP named him to the second All-Star squad.

It took along time for Yuska's all round prowess on the gridiron to be recognised outside of McGill, but with his teammates voting him to the dual honour, his title of

most underrated player in the league will be a thing of the past.

Yuska starred for the Redmen on defense for the past two seasons and it wasn't until this year that coach Larry Sullivan utilized Sam in an offensive role. Sam is also one of the best and hardest downfield tacklers in the league. Yuska still has one more season to go with the Redmen.

John Larsen, who last year was named most improved player on the team, took the most valuable lineman award this year. John is a Montreal boy who went to West Hill High School and just finished his third year with the Red and White.

Larsen, a six foot two inch 210 pound tackle, was a tower of strength both ways for the Redmen. John graduates in Phys. Ed. this spring. He was named to the Daily's All-Star squad, but once

again the other college papers failed to realize his true worth to the Redmen and as a result he was only named to the CUP's second All-Star squad. The Canadian Press named Larsen to its first team.

Leo Konyk was a natural choice as the most improved player on the team. Leo, normally a half-back, was shifted to a defensive end position this year by Sullivan. The results were pleasing as Konyk came through with some tremendous football in every game he played.

Konyk comes to McGill from Winnipeg and is in third year Phys. Ed. Before this year he was noted around McGill for his hockey abilities which saw him end up last season as top goal scorer on the Redmen and All-Star left winger. But this year's work on the Molson Oval won many new fans for Leo.

Sportingly Yours

LAST WEEK'S RESULTS

Senior Hockey:
Laval 6 McGill 5
Inter Hockey:
Snowdon 4 McGill 1
Senior Basketball:
Plattsburgh 70 McGill 44
Inter Basketball:
McGill 44 Loyola 42
Swimming:
McGill 44 RPI 35
Wrestling:
Dartmouth 24 McGill 13
Squash:
Harvard 9 McGill 0

...At Old McGill

FUTURE GAMES

Senior Hockey:
Friday, Dec. 14:
McGill vs. Toronto (at Toronto)
Laval vs. U of M. (at McGill Winter Stadium 8 p.m.)
Saturday, Dec. 15:
McGill vs. U of Michigan (exhibition)
Wednesday, Dec. 19, 7:30 p.m.
Inter Braves vs. Senior Redmen (at McGill Winter Stadium)
Thurs., Fri., Sat., Dec. 27, 28, 29
McGill vs. RPI (three exhibitions)

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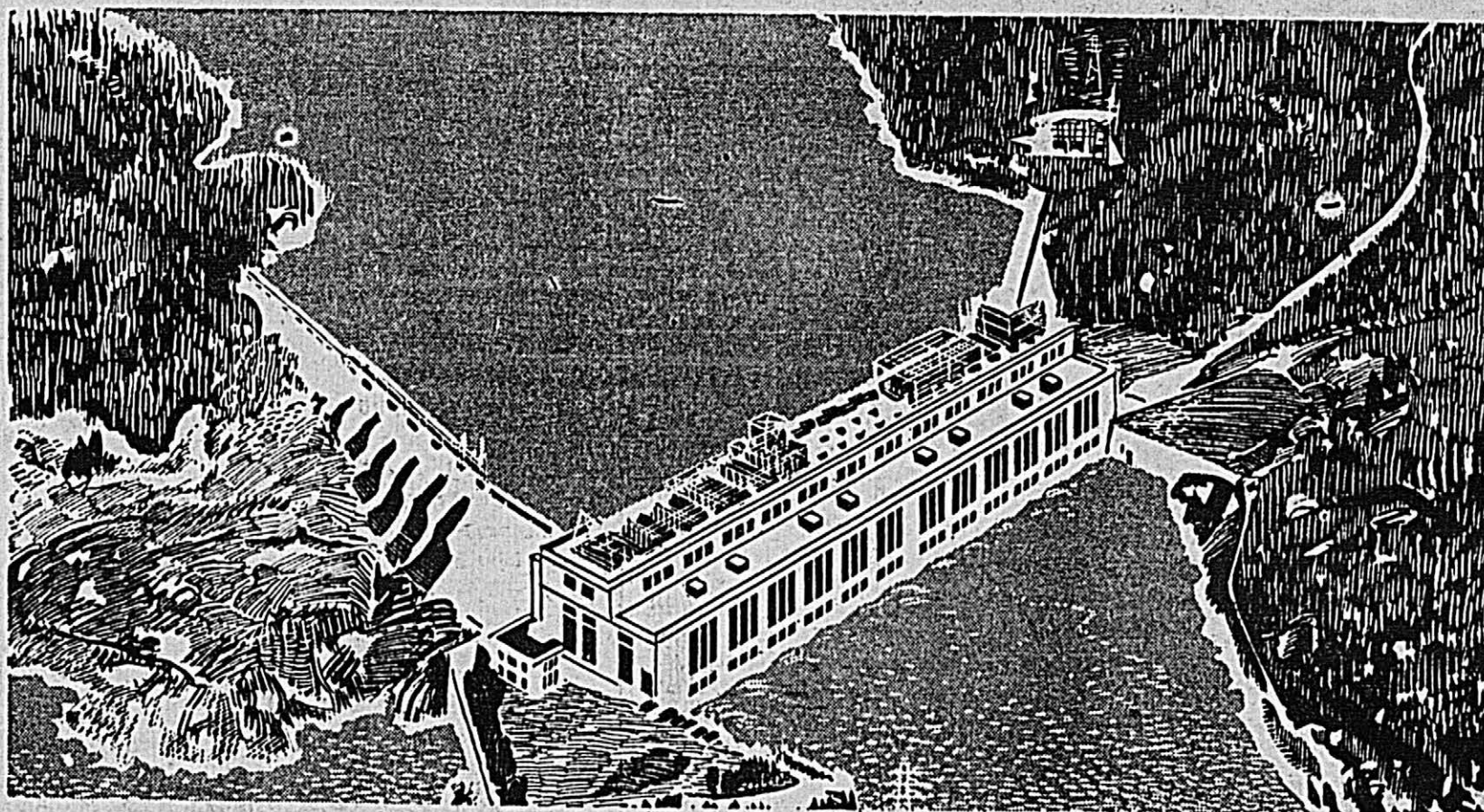
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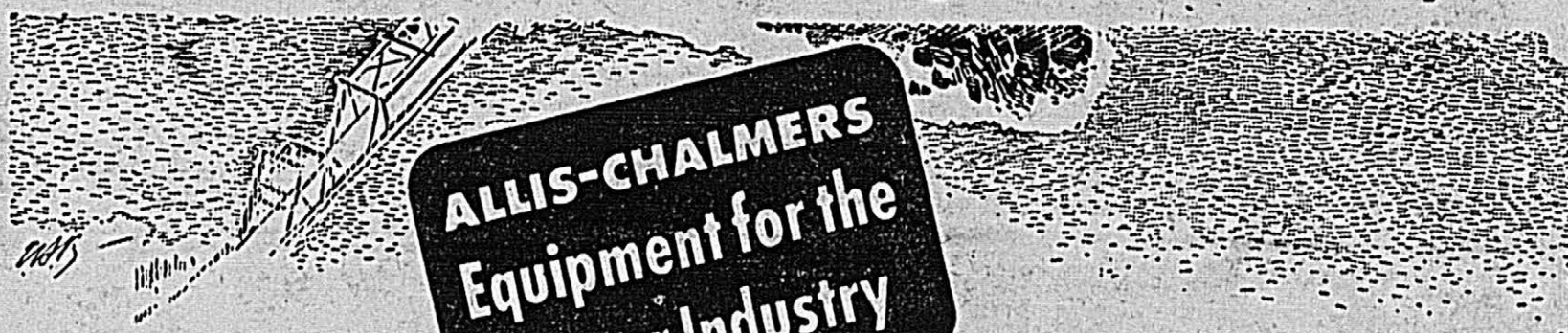
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